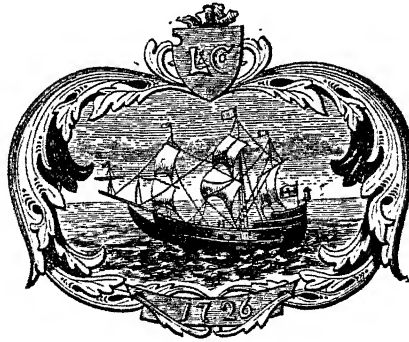


LONGMANS' HANDBOOK  
OF  
ENGLISH LITERATURE

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PART V.  
FROM BURKE TO THE PRESENT TIME



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## PREFACE

IN this final volume we pass in review our own century, which is interesting not only because it is ours, but because of the intrinsic excellence of so many of its writers. Few centuries can show such a roll of names as Wordsworth, Byron, Browning, Scott, Carlyle, Thackeray, and Ruskin, to mention only some typical writers, and though posterity sometimes reverses judgments very decisively, it is hard to believe that these names will soon be forgotten.

Our record is brought down to the present time, but the names of living English writers are excluded with the exception of two, whose noble life-work is finished, though they themselves are still with us.

The record of American literature is very inadequate, but it seemed better to give even an imperfect picture rather than to pass over in silence what is so well worthy of further acquaintance.





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# HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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## BURKE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

THE French Revolution in its early stages of progress was hailed with delight by many pure and ardent young minds in England.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven !

So sang the poet Wordsworth, and to him and Coleridge and others the fall of the Bastile and the uprising of the French people seemed signs of the dawning of a glorious day of liberty and brotherhood.

But to Edmund Burke this uprising appeared a horrible desecration of liberty and a reckless casting away of all the wisdom of bygone times. With the eye of a prophet he foresaw from the beginning the course of excess and cruelty which the Revolution was to take, and he whose earlier years had been spent in pleading for

conciliation with America, and for justice to the oppressed people of India, spent his later ones in fiercely denouncing any intercourse with the blood-stained rulers of France.

**Burke** was born in Dublin in 1729, and spent the years from 1743 to 1748 in Dublin University, having Goldsmith for a fellow-collegian, though at that time there was no intercourse between the two friends of later years.

In 1750 he came to London to study the law, but gave himself more to literature, and but little is known of his course of life. In 1756 his first two works were published, 'A Vindication of Natural Society,' and 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful.' The former of these works is in the manner of Lord Bolingbroke, and some of the best judges thought it to be really a work of his. To the last Burke retained many traces of Bolingbroke's influence. There is in both the same nobility of language, and grace and ease of movement, but Burke has more fire and passion. Boswell speaks happily of Burke 'winding into a subject like a serpent,' and the same might be truly said of Bolingbroke.

A few years later Burke became the chief writer in the 'Annual Register,' and attracted the notice of the great political leaders, and in 1765 he was chosen as private secretary by Lord Rockingham, the youthful prime minister. In later years, when Burke was old and weary, and alienated from his party, he looked back with pleasure upon this beginning of his public life.

From this time, 1765 till 1794, he sat in Parliament,

generally as member for some pocket borough ; but from 1774 till 1780 he represented the important City of Bristol. From the outset he refused to submit his judgment of what was just and politic to the wishes or commands of his constituents, and as his actions in regard to American and Irish affairs did not meet with approval, he bade them farewell in 1780, in a speech which makes pathetic reference to the sudden death of one of the candidates on the preceding day.

Gentlemen, the melancholy event of yesterday reads to us an awful lesson against being too much troubled about any of the objects of ordinary ambition. The worthy gentleman, who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager, as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

Burke remained the intimate and attached friend of Johnson and Goldsmith, and Garrick and Reynolds, and they were proud of his triumphs. When he first entered Parliament Johnson said, 'Now we who know Burke know that he will be one of the first men in the country.' He was one of the earliest and warmest admirers of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and he was one of those who sat weeping by the death-bed of Johnson.

One of Burke's finest speeches in Parliament was that on 'Conciliation with America,' delivered in 1775. In the following passage he is showing how great is the folly of ministers in expecting the same degree of obedience in distant colonies as that which is rightly exacted at home.

Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution ; and

the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have indeed winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements. and says, 'So far shalt thou go and no farther.' Who are you that should fret and rage and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan, as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein that he may govern at all, and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies too, she submits, she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

There is a whole series of Burke's speeches on the affairs of India, and he burnt with indignation at the tales of wrong-doing and oppression which reached him. In 1783, in a speech on Fox's East India Bill, he says:

The natives scarcely know what it is to see the grey head of an Englishman. Young men (boys almost) govern there, without society, and without sympathy with the natives. Animated with all the avarice of age, and all the impetuosity of youth, they roll in one after another, wave after wave, and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually wasting. Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India. Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about in every breaking up of the monsoon over a remote and unhearing ocean.

Burke's speeches on Indian affairs culminated in the famous impeachment and trial of Warren Hastings. In February 1788 the great trial began, and Burke's

opening speech was one of overpowering eloquence. Ladies were carried out fainting, and Hastings himself felt for the time that he was one of the greatest criminals living. In 1794 the trial ended, and with it the public life of Burke also closed.

In the meantime, the great shock of the French Revolution had come. Burke had visited France in 1773, and had seen there were forces at work in that country which threatened to destroy all loyalty and religion. The events of 1789 seemed to Fox and other statesmen to promise an era of reasonable liberty, but to Burke they appeared as they really were, the harbingers of anarchy and tyranny.

He set himself to compose the most famous of all his works, the 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.' It was finished in November 1790, and eleven editions were issued before a year was past. It roused the English people as few writings have done either before or since; and, as succeeding events showed that Burke's forebodings were true, the national feeling grew more intense; and when news came, in January 1793, of the execution of King Louis, the prime minister, Pitt, was forced against his will to declare war.

The 'Reflections' is a work abounding in passages of splendid eloquence, and we must find room for a few of them.

In the following, Burke laments the loosening of the bonds of religion in France:

All other nations have begun the fabric of a new government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing originally, or by enforcing with greater exactness, some rites or other of religion. All other people have

laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners, and a system of a more austere and masculine morality. France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the licence of a ferocious dissoluteness in manners, and of an insolent irreligion in opinions and practices; and has extended through all ranks of life, as if she were communicating some privilege, or laying open some secluded benefit, all the unhappy corruptions that usually were the disease of wealth and power.

The revolt of the French was unnatural, as they had risen, not against a tyrant, but against a gentle-hearted king.

They have seen the French rebel against a mild and lawful monarch with more fury, outrage, and insult than ever any people has been known to rise against the most illegal usurper, or the most sanguinary tyrant. Their resistance was made to concession; their revolt was from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand holding out graces, favours, and immunities.

Then, in the finest passage of all, Burke calls up the memories of his visit to France in 1773 :

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy. Oh ! what a revolution ! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall ! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an



exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone ! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which, vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

We have space for a few words only on the remaining incidents of Burke's life. In 1794 he resigned his seat in Parliament, and it was proposed to make him a peer ; but his only son died in August, and the king then granted him instead, a pension of between two and three thousand pounds.

The giving of the pension was attacked in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, and this led to one of the most vigorous and effective retorts ever written, ' A Letter to a Noble Lord.'

Burke's last writings were the famous three ' Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France.' The first two were published in 1796, the third in 1797, after Burke's death in July of that year.

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## ROBERT BURNS

From the days of Dunbar and Lyndsay in the sixteenth century the poetical genius of Scotland took a long sleep until it woke once more in the life and work of Burns. Indeed, for a long time after the Union, there was no Scottish literature worthy of mention. During the eighteenth century Scotland produced a number of

famous writers: Thomson, the author of 'The Seasons'; Smollett, the novelist; Robertson, the historian; Hume, the philosopher and historian; and Adam Smith, the author of 'The Wealth of Nations.' But their works are in no true sense national, and show no trace of the intense patriotism which is continually breaking forth in Burns' poems.

**Burns** was born in January 1759, in a humble clay-built cottage, near the town of Ayr. His father was a small farmer, and a most worthy man, but all his life through he had a sore struggle with poverty and misfortune. Burns himself tells us :

My father's farm proved a ruinous bargain ; and, to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of 'Twa Dogs.' My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent, threatening letters which used to set us all in tears.

The boy's opportunities for learning were very scanty ; but he was an apt pupil, and he was keenly susceptible to influences from every quarter. He tells us :

The two first books I ever read in private were 'The Life of Hannibal' and 'The History of Sir William Wallace.' Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier ; while the story of Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins which will boil along there till the flood-gates of death shall shut in eternal rest.

The father's poverty rendered it needful that the children should early be set to labour, and at thirteen Robert assisted in the thrashing, and at fifteen he was the chief labourer on the farm. These severe exertions overtaxed his strength and probably planted the seeds of ailments which shortened his life.

But the years spent in his father's humble cottage were among the happiest of his life, and he has drawn a beautiful picture of the peace and innocence of these early years in his poem of 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.'

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;  
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,  
 The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride ;  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare ;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
 And ' Let us worship God ! ' he says with solemn air.

Burns' earliest poem is a little song composed in honour of his companion, Nellie Fitzpatrick, who worked with him in the harvest field. The song is of little merit, but a few of the stanzas such as the following give tokens of the poet's future powers :

A gaudy dress and gentle air  
 May slightly touch the heart ;  
 But it's innocence and modesty  
 That polishes the dart.

At the age of nineteen Burns was living away from home at Irvine on the coast of Ayr, and unhappily he here began to give way to dissipation, and one of his letters to his father expresses a weariness of life which is intensely saddening.

In 1784 his father died, and Robert and his brother Gilbert took the farm of Mossiel, near the village of Mauchline, and here during the next few years he wrote the most famous of his poems. Among them are the

stinging satires on the bigoted intolerant clergy of the 'Auld Light' party, such poems as the 'Holy Fair,' the 'Twa Herds,' 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' and others. They abound in vigorous passages of description, and in bursts of merriment which set the country in a roar.

The 'Address to the Deil' and 'Death and Doctor Hornbook' are filled with grim humour, and 'The Jolly Beggars' with its tumultuous merriment is by some regarded as Burns' masterpiece. Some of his slighter poems have all the sweetness and fidelity to nature of Wordsworth. Such is the address 'To a Mountain Daisy.'

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem;  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
Thou bonnie gem.  
There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies!

Meanwhile the farm did not prosper, and troubles of various kinds beset Burns, and in 1786 he resolved to seek his fortune in the West Indies. To raise money for the passage he was persuaded to gather and publish his poems, and a tiny volume was issued from the press in Kilmarnock. The poems were received with great enthusiasm, and Burns soon abandoned the idea of going abroad, and went to Edinburgh to superintend the issue of a second edition.

From November 1786 to March 1787 he remained in Edinburgh, and was for the time the lion of that literary capital. There are many memorials of his visit, but the most interesting is that written by Sir Walter Scott :

As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him.

I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sate silent, looked, and listened. His person was strong and robust ; his manners rustic, not clownish ; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talent. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments ; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*), when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.

On the whole, the visit to Edinburgh did Burns harm rather than good. It raised hopes which were not to be fulfilled of an advancement in position, and there is a trace of disappointment and bitterness in many of his letters from this time.

After making several tours through the Border Country and through the Highlands, Burns finally settled in the farm of Elliesland, on the banks of the Nith, a few miles from Dumfries. He married Jean Armour, an old sweetheart of his, and tried to settle down to the sober life of a farmer. But he failed, and we are told of poor Burns that ' he neither ploughed, nor sowed, nor reaped, at least, like a hard-working farmer ; and then he had a bevy of servants from Ayrshire. The

lasses did nothing but bake bread, and the lads sat by the fireside, and ate it warm with ale.'

Burns remained at Elliesland from June 1788 to December 1791, and his chief literary works there were a number of songs and ballads, some of which are very beautiful, and his famous poem of 'Tam o' Shanter.' This last work owes its origin to Burns' friendship with the learned and jovial Captain Grose the antiquary, who was travelling through Scotland gathering up the legends connected with its ruined castles and churches. Alloway Kirk, the scene of the poem, is but a mile or two from Burns' birthplace, and the story of the poem is one of the many legends he had listened to when he was a child.

Of all his ballads perhaps the finest is that addressed 'To Mary in Heaven,' in memory of 'Highland Mary,' who was to have been his wife, but who was suddenly cut off by sickness. We are told that on the evening on which he composed it,

as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow very sad about something, and at length wandered out into the barnyard, and remained striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet that shone like another moon, and prevailed on him to come in.

On entering, he at once wrote down the beautiful poem :

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary ! dear departed shade !  
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love ?  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past --  
 Thy image at our last embrace !  
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green :  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of wing'd day.

During these years Burns kept up a constant correspondence on literary and other matters with many of his friends. Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop in Ayrshire, was one of his earliest and warmest friends and patrons, and his letters to her are specially interesting. In one of them he says :

- We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry.

Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing ? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident ? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod ? I own myself partial to such proofs of those

awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!

Of the rest of Burns' life little remains to be said. While he was still at Elliesland he received an appointment in the excise, and in 1791 he gave up the farm and came to live in Dumfries, giving his whole time to the excise, with an increased salary, which was, however, only 70*l.* a year.

He continued to write songs, and some of the finest, such as 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled' and 'Auld lang syne,' belong to this period. They were published in a periodical work, Thomson's 'Scottish Melodies.'

Unhappily he continued to give way to dissipation, and his health began to fail. In July 1796 he died at the early age of thirty-seven.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

At the close of the last century a literary controversy of much interest was being carried on in this country. A young poet, William Wordsworth, had published a volume of poems, many of which appeared to general readers to be trivial in subject and ridiculously simple in language, and in his preface he had laid down principles which overthrew the established canons of criticism.

The reviewers and the greater part of the reading public were against him, and for many years he was entirely neglected except by a few persons of finer intelli-



gence, or who were freer from prejudice. A generation passed away and it was seen that Wordsworth was right and his reviewers wrong; his poems were read with enthusiasm, and his rank is now recognised as only a little lower than Milton's.

Wordsworth was born in 1770 at Cockermouth, on the skirts of the lake district which he loved so well. He tells us that as a child he was 'of a stiff, moody, violent temper,' and his mother once said that the only one of her five children about whose future life she was anxious was William; and he, she said, would be remarkable, either for good or for evil.

When he was eight years old his mother died, and he was sent to school at Hawkeshead, on the southern verge of the lake district; and in his poem 'The Prelude' he describes the intense pleasure which he took in bathing, skating, and in lonely walks by night.

I would walk alone,  
Under the quiet stars, and at that time  
Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound  
To breathe an elevated mood, by form  
Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,  
If the night blackened with a coming storm,  
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are  
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,  
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.

And he records his intense gratitude for the purifying and ennobling influences of nature upon him.

Ye mountains and ye lakes  
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds  
That dwell among the hills where I was born,  
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,  
If, mingling with the world, I am content

With my own modest pleasures, and have lived  
 With God and Nature communing, removed  
 From little enmities and low desires—  
 The gift is yours.

When Wordsworth was fourteen his father died ; but, by the care of his uncles, his education was continued, and he was sent to Cambridge in 1787. His college was St. John's, and he tells us :

From my pillow, looking forth by light  
 Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold  
 The antechapel where the statue stood  
 Of Newton with his prism and silent face,  
 The marble index of a mind for ever  
 Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

During one of the College vacations Wordsworth went with a friend on a walking tour through France and Switzerland. The former country was entering on the early stages of the Revolution, and there was universal hope and joy. The two friends fell in with a merry company of delegates who were returning from Paris brimful of the new enthusiasm of liberty.

Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees ;  
 Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,  
 And with their swords flourished as if to fight  
 The saucy air. In this proud company  
 We landed—took with them our evening meal,  
 Guests welcome almost as the angels were  
 To Abraham of old. The supper done,  
 With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts  
 We rose at signal given, and formed a ring,  
 And, hand in hand, danced round and round the board ;  
 All hearts were open, every tongue was loud  
 With amity and glee.

In 1791 Wordsworth left Cambridge and lived for nearly a year in London, and then for another year in

France, and watched with interest the gathering storms of the Revolution. From the ruins of the Bastille he picked up a stone and treasured it as a relic, and he felt a shock of pity and shame when England joined the continental powers in making war on France.

In 1795 Wordsworth settled with his sister Dora at Racedown in Dorset, and devoted himself to his life's work. Their means were scanty, but their hopes were high, and Dora's faith in her brother never faltered. He had already published in 1793 two poems, 'An Evening Walk' and 'Descriptive Sketches,' and he now wrote the poem 'Guilt and Sorrow,' and the drama 'The Borderers,' in neither of which is there any great beauty; but 'Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew Tree' are suggestive of some of his best work in years to come. He also wrote 'The Ruined Cottage,' which is now the story of Margaret in Book I. of 'The Excursion'; and Coleridge, who was paying a visit at this time, declared it to be 'superior to anything in our language which in any way resembles it.'

In 1797 the brother and sister removed into Somerset and became neighbours of Coleridge, and in 1798 the famous 'Lyrical Ballads' were published. The work was the joint production of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the latter contributed four poems, of which 'The Ancient Mariner' was one. Wordsworth contributed eighteen, among which were 'We are Seven,' 'The Last of the Fleet,' 'The Idiot Boy,' and others.

The second edition was published in 1800, and in it appeared the preface which, even more than the poems, provoked the wrath of the reviewers. It is long and elaborate, and in it Wordsworth investigates the laws

of poetic diction, and reviews the progress of English poetry. A single extract from it may be given :

The principal object proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language.

The finest poem of all in the volume is that entitled 'Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey,' and lovers of Wordsworth regard this poem as one of their choicest treasures. In it the poet recalls the violent raptures of his youth, when

The sounding cataract  
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
 Their colours and their forms were then to me  
 An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
 That had no need of a remoter charm,  
 By thought supplied, nor any interest  
 Unborrowed from the eye.

But now he is calmer, and his joy is deeper.

For I have learned  
 To look on nature, not as in the hour  
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
 The still, sad music of humanity,  
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean and the loving air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

And above all he has with him his sister to share and  
heighten his joys.

My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy : for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee : and in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations !

After the publication of the 'Lyrical Ballads,'  
Wordsworth and his sister sailed to Hamburg, and spent

the winter of 1798-9 at Goslar in Germany. Here Wordsworth wrote several of his most charming poems, such as 'Lucy Gray,' and 'Ruth,' and the four little poems on 'Lucy,' which appear to be the record of some secret sorrow. Wordsworth never wrote sweeter lines than those of the poem :

• Three years she grew in sun and shower.

After their return from Germany, the brother and sister settled at Grasmere in Westmoreland, and here the poet remained for the long remainder of his life, living first at Town-end, and afterwards at Rydal Mount. In 1802 the measure of his happiness was filled by his marriage with Mary Hutchinson, of whom he gives a delightful picture in the poem :

She was a phantom of delight.

Earlier in the same year the brother and sister paid a visit to France, and in Miss Wordsworth's diary we read :

July 30, 1802.—Left London between five and six o'clock of the morning, outside the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The City, St. Paul's, with the river, a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge; the houses, not overhung by their clouds of smoke, were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles.

There is beauty in this description, but in her brother's sonnet the picture is transfused with a more glorious beauty.

Earth hath not anything to show more fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;  
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ; •  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Wordsworth is specially happy as a writer of sonnets, and several of his finest belong to this year, 1802. Among them may be mentioned the following :

Fair Star of evening, splendour of the west.  
 Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour.  
 Great men have been among us.

In the year 1803 Wordsworth went on a tour through Scotland, and several of his poems are memorials of his visit, and among the most beautiful is the one entitled 'To a Highland Girl.'

But the most important work of these years is 'The Prelude,' a long poem in fourteen books, which was begun in 1799 and finished in 1805. It was addressed to Coleridge, who speaks of it as

An Orphic song indeed,  
 A song divine of high and passionate thoughts  
 To their own music chanted !

It is an autobiography, and sketches the growth of the poet's mind, and it was intended to be an introduction to a grand work in three parts, which should include all the diverse poems which the poet had written. The design remained unfinished ; 'The Prelude' was not published till after the poet's death ; but 'The Excursion,'

which was to form Part II., was finished and published in 1814.

'The Excursion' is in nine books, and, like all of Wordsworth's long poems, has many passages which are bald and prosaic; but there are also many passages of rare beauty. The action of the poem is extremely simple, and the characters are few: the Wanderer, the Solitary, the Pastor, and one or two others. The excursion is through two of the neighbouring valleys, and the 'Churchyard among the Mountains' is that of Grasmere.

The Wanderer is the chief character, and, though he is described as an old Scotch pedlar, he is really Wordsworth himself, and he pours out the meditative wisdom of the poet in grave and lofty verse. Perhaps the finest book is the fourth, 'Despondency Corrected.' In this book a very beautiful description is given of the rise of the Grecian mythology, and a few lines may be extracted from it.

The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye  
Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart  
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed  
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:  
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs  
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,  
Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes  
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,  
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars  
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,  
When winds are blowing strong.

And a few pages later there occurs the beautiful image:

I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract



Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
 Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
 Brightened with joy; for from within were heard  
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
 Mysterious union with its native sea.  
 Even such a shell the universe itself  
 Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,  
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
 Authentic tidings of invisible things;  
 Of ebb and flow, and ever during power;  
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
 Of endless agitation.

There are still several poems which must be at least mentioned. The story of 'The White Doe of Rylstone' was written in 1807, and is the pleasant memorial of a summer visit to Yorkshire. 'The Waggoner' belongs to 1805, and describes the mountain road which led from Grasmere to Keswick, where the poet's friends, Coleridge and Southey, lived. The story of 'Michael,' in which the noble simplicity of the mountain peasants is so beautifully described, belongs to 1800, and in the same year Wordsworth wrote 'The Pet Lamb.'

To the period 1803-6 belongs the wonderful 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality,' which Emerson speaks of as the high-water mark of English poetry. From his early youth, without knowing it, Wordsworth had been a Platonist, and he tells us:

I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature.

Many times, while going to school, have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. 'At that time I was afraid of such processes.

In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines:

Obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings, &c.

To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, everyone, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony.

The ode is too long to quote, but Stanzas I, II, V, VI, IX may be pointed out as specially beautiful. Whatever one may think of its truth, no one with a sense of poetic beauty can read without delight the magnificent Stanza V:

Our birth<sup>is</sup> but a sleep and a forgetting.

Stanzas VII and VIII may have been partly suggested by the strangely precocious Hartley Coleridge, the infant son of the poet's friend.

The last really beautiful poem written by Wordsworth belongs to 1818, and describes 'An Evening of extraordinary Splendour and Beauty.' He wrote many short poems in later years, of which the most noteworthy were the series of 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets' and 'Memorials' of towns in Scotland and on the Continent. After 1830 the excellence of the poet's work began to be universally recognised. In 1843, on the death of Southey, he was created Poet Laureate, and in 1850 he died.

## COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY.

COLERIDGE and SOUTHEY were kinsmen and fellow-workers, and were both of them ardent and reverent admirers of Wordsworth. In the malicious and thoughtless criticism of the time, the three were classed together as the 'Lakers,' and as the founders of a new school of poetry. But when ridicule gave way to true insight, it was seen that Wordsworth stood alone as the creator of a new style, and his two friends, though each excellent in his own province, had but little in common with him.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in 1772, at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire, where his father, a kindly eccentric man, 'not unlike Fielding's Parson Adams,' was vicar and schoolmaster. The father died when Samuel was nine years old, and he was sent away to Christ's Hospital in London, where Lamb was his school-fellow, and describes him thus :

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Iamblichus, or Plotinus, or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy.

Wordsworth also in 'The Prelude,' after reviewing his own happy school-time at Hawkshead, speaks thus of his friend :

Of rivers, fields,  
And groves I speak to thee, my friend ! to thee,  
Who, yet a liveried school-boy, in the depths  
Of the huge city, on the leaded roof

Of that huge edifice, thy school and home,  
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds  
Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,  
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light  
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,  
Far distant, thus beheld from year to year  
Of a long exile.

In 1791 Coleridge entered Cambridge just as Wordsworth left it; and two years later, for some unexplained reason, he suddenly quitted the university, and enlisted, like Steele, in a cavalry regiment under an assumed name. Four months later he was discovered, his discharge was secured, and he returned to Cambridge in April 1794.

Two months later he paid a visit to Oxford, and his life-long friendship began with Southey, who, like himself, was then an undergraduate. They were both equally ardent in their good wishes to France, and they planned and executed a drama, 'The Fall of Robespierre,' and Coleridge contributed some lines to Southey's poem, 'Joan of Arc.'

Later in the year Coleridge visited Southey at Bristol, and became acquainted with Sara Fricker, his future wife, whose younger sister Edith was already engaged to Southey. The two ardent youths were at this time dreaming of a scheme which they called Pantisocracy, and which was to be realised on the banks of the Susquehanna. With England they were profoundly dissatisfied, and even France was beginning to disappoint them. But they believed that a band of noble-minded youths, each accompanied by a loyal and loving wife, might found a pleasant and prosperous Utopia in America.

The scheme was generous, but impracticable ; and after a little while it was given up, for the necessary funds were unattainable.

In 1795 both Coleridge and Southey had left the university, and we find them delivering courses of lectures in Bristol, and being well received. In October of the same year Coleridge was married to Sara Fricker, and the young couple went to live in a pleasant cottage near the sea at Clevedon in Somerset.

In the end the union went to wreck, like so much else in the life of Coleridge ; but it is pleasant to read in his poems such lines as the following :

Low was our pretty cot : our tallest rose  
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear  
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,  
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air  
Our myrtles blossomed ; and across the porch  
Thick jasmines twined : the little landscape round  
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.  
It was a spot which you might aptly call  
The Valley of Seclusion.

In 1796 Coleridge published his first volume of poems, and a second edition was called for in the following year. They are about fifty in number, and are distinguished in his collected works as 'Poems written in Youth.' The one showing the greatest marks of genius is 'Religious Musings,' which was finished on Christmas Eve 1794.

The poet was indignant at the English war on France, and shocked that it should be waged in the name of Christianity.

Thee to defend, meek Galilean ! Thee  
And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,

Mistrust and enmity have burst the bands  
 Of social peace; and listening treachery lurks'  
 With pious fraud to snare a brother's life;  
 And childless widows o'er the groaning land  
 Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread,  
 Thee to defend, dear Saviour of mankind!  
 Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace!  
 From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War.

Then the poet grows calmer, and dreams of the golden age that has been, and of the Pantisocracy that is to come, sweep before him.

Lord of unsleeping Love,  
 From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.  
 These, even these, in mercy didst Thou form,  
 Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong  
 Making Truth lovely, and her future might  
 Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.  
 In the primeval age a dateless while,  
 The vacant shepherd wandered with his flock,  
 Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.  
 But soon Imagination conjured up  
 A host of new desires: with busy aim,  
 Each for himself, Earth's eager children toiled.  
 So Property began, twy-streaming fount,  
 Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.  
 Hence the soft couch, and many-coloured robe,  
 The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast,  
 With all the inventive arts, that nursed the soul  
 To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants  
 Unsensualised the mind, which in the means  
 Learnt to forget the grossness of the end,  
 Best pleased with its own activity.

In 1797 Coleridge removed to Nether Stowey in Somerset, and in the same year William and Dora Wordsworth became his neighbours, and the famous 'Lyrical Ballads' were planned and executed. Coleridge, in the 'Biographia Literaria,' tells us:

During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned chiefly on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination.

The thought suggested itself that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real.

For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

Coleridge's chief contribution to the 'Lyrical Ballads' was the well-known 'Ancient Mariner,' a poem combining in so high a degree simplicity of language, charm of melody, and fascination of story. To the same period belong the first part of the weird but beautiful story of 'Christabel,' and the strange melodious fragment of 'Kubla Khan.' In perfection of melody, if in nothing else, Coleridge in these poems excels Wordsworth, and it is a pity that his works of this kind are so few.

During the same year, 1797, Coleridge wrote his magnificent ode 'France,' in which he sorrowfully recanted his former revolutionary opinions.

When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,  
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,  
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,  
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!

But now France, instead of giving freedom to others,  
had conquered and enslaved Switzerland.

Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !  
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,  
 From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—  
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams,  
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,  
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain snows  
 With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I cherished  
 One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes !  
  
 The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,  
 Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game  
 They burst their manacles and wear the name  
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !

In 1798 Coleridge went with the Wordsworths to Germany, and, after his return in 1799, began to write for the *Morning Post*. Some of his poems had already appeared in this paper, notably the amusing doggerel 'The Devil's Thoughts' and the terrible onslaught on Pitt entitled 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter.' The editor, Mr. Stuart, valued Coleridge's help very highly, and, from the summer of 1799 till the end of 1802, Coleridge contributed papers sometimes at the rate of two or three a week.

In 1799 he paid a visit with the Wordsworths to Cumberland, and in 1800 he settled in Keswick at Greta Hall, which afterwards became for so many years the home of Southey. It must have been about this time that he contracted the fatal habit of indulgence in opium.

In 1804 he went seeking health in a voyage to Malta, and afterwards visited Naples and Rome, but returned to England in 1806 worse in health than ever. The next ten years is a period in his life of misery and humiliation. He flitted uneasily about the country, became estranged



from his family, wrote poems expressive of the deepest misery, and tried various journalistic and lecturing enterprises which resulted in failure. During this time Lord Byron was kind to him, and through his interest the play of 'Remorse,' which Coleridge had written in earlier years, was brought out at Drury Lane with great success. Coleridge obtained by this a much larger sum than all that he had hitherto gained by his literary labours; but in little more than a year this great sum was gone, so terrible was the dissipation into which he had fallen.

In 1816 Coleridge placed himself under the care of Mr. Gillman, a doctor at Highgate, and lived with him for the rest of his life. His health was in great measure restored, and with it his mental activity.

In 1817 he published the '*Biographia Literaria*,' a work interesting in many ways, but especially for the masterly exposition it gives of the nature and scope of Wordsworth's poetic work. In 1825 he published '*Aids to Reflection*,' an interesting theological work, consisting of aphorisms from the writings of Archbishop Leighton and other old divines, together with Coleridge's own comments and developments.

In 1828 he accompanied the Wordsworths on a tour on the Continent, and in 1834 he died.

Carlyle, in his life of 'John Stirling,' has drawn a wonderfully vivid and pathetic picture of Coleridge in his latter years, and a few short extracts from this may be given :

Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill in those years, looking down on London and its smoke tumult like a sage escaped from the

inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character.

The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer; but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character, and sat there as a kind of Magus, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak grove (Mr. Gillman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon.

The good man—he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps, and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment.

The life of **Robert Southey** is simpler and happier than that of his more highly-gifted friend. He had not the soaring genius of Coleridge, but he possessed a pure and noble spirit, which enabled him to toil on without flagging to the end of a long and laborious life.

When he was approaching fifty years of age, he set himself to compose, in a series of letters to a friend, the memorials of his early life, and they form a pleasant series of pictures of curious places and people in his West of England home.

He was born in 1774, in Bristol, where his father was a linendraper; but he spent most of his childhood with his aunt, an eccentric maiden lady living in Bath, and who had a passion for the theatre.

I had seen more plays before I was seven years old than I have ever since I was twenty, and heard more conversation about the theatre than any other subject.

Shakspeare was in my hands as soon as I could read ; and it was long before I had any other knowledge of the history of England than what I gathered from his plays.

I went through Beaumont and Fletcher also before I was eight years old ; circumstances enable me to recollect the time accurately. Beaumont and Fletcher were great theatrical names, and therefore there was no scruple about letting me peruse their works.

From a circulating library he obtained a copy of Hoole's translation of 'Ariosto,' and read it with delight ; but Spenser's 'Faery Queen' was delightful beyond measure.

Southey gives entertaining accounts of several schools which he attended, at none of which was the teaching very thorough, and at the age of fourteen he was entered as a scholar at Westminster. There he remained four years, and formed friendships which lasted for life.

He went up to Oxford in 1792, his head all filled with Rousseau and Werther, and in 1794 he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and readily entered into his dreams of Pantisocracy and the regeneration of society.

The dreams could not be realised, and Southey went away to visit his uncle Hill, who was chaplain of the English Legation in Lisbon ; but before starting he married Edith Fricker, in November 1795. The young lovers parted at the church door and hoped for a happy reunion.

In six months Southey was back in England and was busy with literary work. He had published in 1794 a tiny volume of poems, and now there appeared the first of his epics, the story of Joan of Arc in twelve books. There is prefixed to it a graceful sonnet addressed to his wife :

Edith ! I brought thee late a humble gift—  
 The songs of earlier youth ; it was a wreath •  
 With many an unripe blossom garlanded,  
 And many a weed, yet mingled with some flowers  
 Which will not wither. Dearest ! now I bring  
 A worthier offering ; thou wilt prize it well,  
 For well thou know'st amid what painful cares  
 My solace was in this : and though to me  
 There is no music in the hollowness  
 Of common praise, yet well content am I  
 Now to look back upon my youth's *green* prime  
 Nor idly, nor unprofitably past,  
 Imping in such adventurous essay  
 The wing, and strengthening it for steadier flight.

The epic was received with much favour, and a second and further editions were soon called for. But to us there is but little beauty discernible in this or indeed in any of Southey's epics. In the preface he tells us how the whole poem with its thousands of verses was composed in a holiday vacation of six weeks in 1793, and verse which is poured forth so profusely can hardly be of the highest excellence.

A year or two later, two more volumes of poems were published, containing, among other works, his 'English Eclogues,' a series of pleasant stories appealing to the affections.

But if we compare these poems, pleasant and graceful as they are, with the tale of Margaret in the first book of 'The Excursion,' or with the 'Michael' or 'The Brothers,' all of them poems kindred in subject, we feel there is an immense difference in the degree of imaginative power. Southey's verses have neither the meditative depth of Wordsworth's, nor the subtle charm of rhythm of those of Coleridge.

For some years the young couple were uncertain where to live, and in 1800 they paid a visit to Lisbon, and remained with the kind uncle Hill for a twelve-month. On their return to England, in 1801, Coleridge wrote to them describing the charms of Greta Hall, and inviting them to join him.

Two years later they went, and Greta Hall became their final resting-place. In 1804 poor Coleridge with ruined health went to Malta, and on his return was a restless wanderer until he finally settled in Mr. Gillman's house at Highgate.

Meanwhile Mrs. Coleridge with her little ones, Hartley and Sara and Derwent, remained at Greta Hall, and the children received from their uncle the loving care of a father. Gradually a little family of his own grew up round Southey, Edith and Bertha and Herbert and others, and there was need for unflagging industry. 'My ways,' he used to say, 'are as broad as the king's high road, and my means lie in an inkstand.'

In 1801 Southey published another epic poem—a wild Arabian story—'Thalaba the Destroyer'; then, in 1805, the story of 'Madoc,' a Welsh prince of the twelfth century, who is supposed to found an empire in America; then in 1810 appeared the Indian epic, 'The Curse of Kehama,' with its strange legends from Hindoo mythology; and in 1814 the Spanish story of 'Roderick the Last of the Goths.' In all of these poems Southey shows the most minute and loving acquaintance with the legendary history of foreign nations, and freely pours out the treasures which he had gathered from many an old folio and manuscript.

In 1805 he published another volume of *Metrical Tales and Ballads*, containing, among other poems, the well-known 'Battle of Blenheim' and the 'Inchcape Rock.'

His visits to Lisbon had inspired him with a passionate love for Spanish and Portuguese literature, and he translated 'Amadis of Gaul,' 'Palmerin of England,' and the 'Chronicle of the Cid,' and wrote also a 'History of Brazil' and a 'History of the Peninsular War.' In these works his genial humour and ripened judgment are well shown; and Lord Byron, who did not love his poetry, declared that his prose was perfect.

In 1813 he published his 'Life of Nelson,' one of his finest works; in 1820 his 'Life of Wesley,' which Coleridge never tired of reading; and in 1835 his 'Life of Cowper,' which, though somewhat prolix, is also admirable. For thirty years he was a constant contributor to the 'Quarterly Review,' and derived from it a great part of his income.

His course of life in later years has been lovingly described by his son Cuthbert:

His greatest relaxation was in a mountain excursion, or a picnic by the side of one of the lakes, tarns, or streams; and these parties, of which he was the life and soul, will long live in the recollections of those who shared them.

Saddleback and Causey Pike, two mountains rarely ascended by tourists, were great favourites with him, and were the summits most frequently chosen for a grand expedition; and the two tarns upon Saddleback were amongst the spots he thought most remarkable for grand and lonely beauty.

But in his books he found his greatest delight.

His house consisted of a good many small rooms, connected by long passages, all of which, with great ingenuity, he made available for

holding books, with which, indeed, the house was lined from top to bottom.

His own sitting-room, which was the largest in the house, was filled with the handsomest of them, arranged with much taste, according to his own fashion, with due regard to size, colour, and condition; and he used to contemplate these, his carefully accumulated and much-prized treasures, with even more pleasure and pride than the greatest connoisseur his finest specimens of the old masters.

A pretty and pathetic poem of 1818 tells us how dearly he loved them.

My days among the Dead are past ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old ;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

Greta Hall, which had rung for so many years with the merry noise of children, and of a 'comical papa,' himself as noisy, grew sad and silent at last. Sara Coleridge and Edith Southey went away to be married, his darling children Herbert and Isabel died, and in 1834 his much-loved wife lost her reason, and died the next year. The poet himself lingered on till 1843, when he died, and was buried in Crosssthaite churchyard, within sight of Greta Hall.

In Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' there is a pleasant sketch of Southey which helps us to realise what an honest-hearted, impulsive, good man he was.

## SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT, like Southey, whom he resembled in more points than one, left a fragment of autobiography, from which we gather some interesting memorials of his childhood and youth.

He was born in 1771, in the 'Old Town' of Edinburgh, and was a healthy child till the age of eighteen months, when he was afflicted with lameness, brought on, it is thought, through teething. For his health's sake he was sent away to his grandfather's pastoral farm at Sandy-Knowe, in the heart of the Borderland which he loved so well, and within a few miles of Melrose and Dryburgh.

It is here, at Sandy-Knowe, that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies resorted to to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that, so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin, warm as it was flayed from the carcase of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farmhouse, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl.

When the day was fine, I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run.

When he was nearly four years old he was taken by his aunt Janet to Bath, to try the virtues of the waters, and there he remained for a year, and among the delights which he recalls was that of a visit to the theatre.

The play was 'As You Like It'; and the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more



than enough, and remember being so much scandalised at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'n't they brothers?'

A few years later he entered the High School of Edinburgh, and became a fair Latin scholar, but remained ignorant even of the rudiments of Greek. Spenser and Shakspeare were his favourite authors, and when Bishop Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry' appeared, he devoured them eagerly, sitting hour after hour through a long summer day, under a plane-tree in his aunt's garden.

Ruskin, in several chapters of the 'Fors Clavigera,' has very beautifully described the pure and wholesome influences which surrounded little Walter from his cradle onwards; and as the boy grew up to be a youth, he won the affection of all he came in contact with.

At the age of fifteen Scott was apprenticed to his father, who was a Writer to the Signet, and in 1792 he was called to the bar. In 'Redgauntlet,' one of the later novels, he has drawn his father's portrait in Saunders Fairford, while the novelist himself is Allan Fairford; and William Clerk, his bosom friend in those early years, is described in Darsie Latimer.

In the novel Saunders Fairford is thus described:

Punctual as the clock of St. Giles tolled nine, the dapper form of the hale old gentleman was seen at the threshold of the court hall, trimly dressed in a complete suit of snuff-coloured brown, with stockings of silk or woollen, as suited the weather; a bob-wig and a small cocked hat; shoes blacked as Warren would have blacked them; silver shoe-buckles, and a gold stock-buckle. His manners corresponded with his attire, for they were scrupulously civil, and not a little formal.

The whole pleasure of this good old-fashioned man of method, besides that which he really felt in the discharge of his own daily business, was the hope to see his son attain what in the father's eyes was the proudest of all distinctions, the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer.

He would have shuddered at his son's acquiring the renown of a hero, and laughed with scorn at the equally barren laurels of literature; it was by the path of the law alone that he was desirous to see him rise to eminence; and the probabilities of success or disappointment were the thoughts of his father by day, and his dreams by night.

The good man died in 1799, while his son was still practising as a lawyer, and only coquetting as yet with literature.

One of his father's clients was an old Highland chieftain, Stewart of Invernahyle; and Walter, while only a youth of fifteen, was sent on a visit of business to him, and spent several weeks among the scenes which he was to immortalise in 'The Lady of the Lake,' in 'Waverley,' and 'Rob Roy.'

He records the wonder and admiration with which he gazed on the beauty of the Vale of Perth during the course of this journey :

I recollect pulling up the reins, without meaning to do so, and gazing on the scene before me as if I had been afraid it would shift, like those in a theatre, before I could distinctly observe its different parts, or convince myself that what I saw was real.

After being called to the bar in 1792 Scott went on an excursion into Liddesdale, a wild district in Roxburghshire, in company with Mr. Shortreed, the Sheriff-substitute of the county. So well was he pleased that during each of the six following years he came again with Mr. Shortreed for his guide.

There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity—even such 'a rowth of auld knicknackets' as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose.

'He was makin' himsell a' the time,' said Mr. Shortreed; 'but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun.'<sup>1</sup>

It was during these excursions that he gathered the materials for his work on 'Border Minstrelsy,' and a journey on legal business into Galloway, in 1793, introduced him to the scenery and legends which he wove into the story of 'Guy Mannering.'

About this time he studied German literature with much interest, and his first publication was a translation, in 1796, of some of Bürger's ballads, and in 1799 he translated and published Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen.'

To this time too belongs the sore agony of disappointed love through which Scott passed. The lady whom he loved—the 'Lilias' of the 'Redgauntlet'—was married to another, and Scott's little poem of 'The Violet' reveals the bitterness of his heart at the time, while his diary of thirty years later shows that the wound was sore even then.

In 1797, after a short courtship, he married a lively, good-natured, but somewhat superficial young lady—a Miss Carpenter or Charpentier, the daughter of a French refugee. Scott made the acquaintance of the lady at Gilsland Wells, a little watering-place among the lakes of Cumberland, and his story of 'St. Ronan's Well' is a picture of the society that was gathered there.

The young couple took a house in Edinburgh, and a pretty cottage at Lasswade, about six miles south of the

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart.

city; and Scott busied himself in his law duties, and in collecting old ballads and composing new ones. Of the latter, 'Glenfinlas' and 'The Eve of St. John' are two of the finest. In 1799, through the kindness of the Duke of Buccleuch, Scott was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire with a salary of 300*l.* a year. He was by this relieved from the drudgery of an uncongenial profession, and was linked more closely to the land of the Ettrick and Yarrow which he loved so well.

In 1802 he published two volumes of 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' and in the following year a third, the fruits of his 'raids' into Liddesdale and elsewhere, and of his communings with Leyden, and Ritson and Hogg, all of them antiquarians as enthusiastic as himself. The notes and introductions are extremely interesting, as pictures of a state of society long passed away.

'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' the first great original work of Scott, grew naturally out of his labours on the 'Border Minstrelsy.' It was published in January 1805, but the poet had been shaping it since 1802. Wordsworth and his sister paid Scott a visit at Lasswade in September 1803, and the English poet has recorded the pleasure with which he listened to his brother bard:

He partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic kind of chant, the first four cantos of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel'; and the novelty of the manners, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse greatly delighted me.

The beautiful irregular measures of the 'Lay' were inspired by those of Coleridge's 'Christabel,' a poem not published then, but which a friend had recited to Scott.

It is only, however, now and then that Scott attains the faultless music of 'Christabel,' and in general he contents himself with what Ruskin describes and praises as the 'careless glance and reckless rhyme.'

The introductions to several of the cantos are finer than the 'Lay' itself, and the description of the minstrel—of Melrose seen by moonlight—and the noble invocation to Caledonia will always be favourites.

The success of the 'Lay' was instantaneous, and perhaps was the greater because the poetry was not of the very highest order. The genius of Wordsworth waited during many years for recognition, and had first to create an audience for itself; but every one who possessed taste could appreciate the beauty of Scott's verse.

In 1808 'Marmion' appeared, and two years later 'The Lady of the Lake.' The former, with its magnificent battle scene, is perhaps the more widely popular; but lovers of Wordsworth will probably prefer the latter with its beautiful pictures of wood and lake.

During the next few years 'Rokeby,' 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'The Lord of the Isles' appeared, none of which were equal in merit to the first three great poems; but meanwhile Scott had begun the wonderful series of the 'Waverley Novels.'

As early as 1805 Scott wrote the opening chapters of 'Waverley,' and showed them to a friend, whose judgment was unfavourable, whereupon the manuscript was laid aside and forgotten. Eight years later the fragment came to light again, and was taken in hand and completed.

'Waverley' was published in 1814, and 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Old Mortality,' 'Rob Roy,' and 'The Heart of Midlothian' followed in successive years. These magnificent stories were the finest expression of Scott's genius, and on them his fame will rest rather than on his poetry. They were written with the utmost speed; but the materials had been gathering for years in Scott's brain during his excursions into the Highlands and through the Border Country.

Opinions are divided as to their real value regarded as works of imagination. Ruskin would seem to rank Scott only a little lower than Shakspeare as a creator of character; but Carlyle says, 'Shakspeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards: Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them. The one set become living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automaton.'

But to ordinary readers no characters can be more real and lifelike than 'Dandie Dinmont,' 'Jenny Deans,' and a host of others, and Carlyle's criticism seems grudging and inadequate.

The success of the poems and novels caused a great change in Scott's mode of life. In 1804 the pretty cottage of Lasswade was forsaken for Ashestiel, a house beautifully situated on the Tweed, with the Yarrow and Ettrick and Teviot, and all the scenery of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' close at hand.

Then, in 1811, he bought for 4,000*l.* a farm of 100 acres, a few miles lower down the Tweed, and gave it the now famous name of Abbotsford. He removed thither

in May 1812, and in a letter to a friend he gives a humorous description of the fitting:

The neighbours have been much delighted with the procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets, and lances make a conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some *preux chevalier* of ancient Border fame; and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets.

I assure your ladyship that this caravan, attended by a dozen of ragged rosy peasant children, carrying fishing-rods and spears, and leading ponies, greyhounds, and spaniels, would, as it crossed the Tweed, have furnished no bad subject for the pencil, and really reminded me of one of the gipsy groups of Callot upon their march.

As Scott's wealth increased, he bought more and more land, and the modest house, which he had at first intended, grew into a castle, and was filled with all that an antiquarian and man of taste could wish for. The hospitality he dispensed was splendid, and princes and poets and all sorts of distinguished persons were numbered among his guests.

In 1817 Scott suffered a severe attack of illness. It passed off quickly, but returned again, and in 1819 'The Bride of Lammermoor' was written from his dictation while he lay ill in bed, and after his recovery he could not remember any single incident or dialogue in the story.

From this time his novels show declining power, though several of them, such as 'Ivanhoe,' 'Kenilworth,' 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'Redgauntlet,' and 'Woodstock' are of very high merit.

But during these years Scott had been writing too fast, and had been burdened besides with heavy cares. His early work, 'The Border Minstrelsy,' had been beautifully printed by an old schoolfellow, James Ballantyne,

who was then in a humble position in Kelso. Scott encouraged him to come with his brother John to Edinburgh, and to become publishers as well as printers, and Scott himself became a partner in 1805. Neither the Ballantynes nor Scott possessed the talents required for conducting a great publishing business, and financial ruin, which was threatened more than once, came finally in 1826, and Scott found himself with the Ballantynes to be a debtor for more than 100,000*l*.

He had been created a baronet by the Prince Regent in 1818, and he hoped to found a family at Abbotsford, and the blow to his pride was a terrible one. But he determined to work himself free, and during the next five years he reduced the debt by one-half.

It was, however, a time of intense misery. His wife died in 1826, soon after his bankruptcy, and his own attacks of illness became more frequent. In 1831 the Government placed at his disposal a man-of-war to carry him on a visit to Italy; but he could not rest there, and returned in 1832 to Abbotsford to die.

As we descended the vale of the Gala, he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—'Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee.' As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when, turning himself on his couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight.

The sad story of the next two months is told very beautifully by his son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart, and in September the end came.

About half-past one p.m., on September 21, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so



warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

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## BYRON

WE have seen that Wordsworth, Scott, and Southey, in their mature age, set down a beautiful record of the recollections of their childhood and of the kindly influences under which they grew up. Of Byron we have no such record, and the story of his childhood, as far as we know it, is an unhappy one.

His father, Captain Byron, was a profligate who married not for love, but for money, and, after wasting his wife's fortune, separated from her. He died in 1791, when the little boy George, their only child, was three years old.

His mother was a Miss Gordon of Gight, a Highland heiress, but she was left as a widow with a pittance of little more than 100*l.* a year, and lived in retirement in Aberdeen. She was passionately fond of her child, but was capricious and violent in temper; and, though the boy loved her, he could not respect her. The boy himself was very beautiful in features, but was deformed in one of his feet, and all his life through he was painfully sensible of this defect.

The family of the Byrons was a very ancient one, and at that time its head was William, the fifth lord, who, from his wild life, was called 'the wicked lord.' In 1794 his grandson died, and the future poet, who was

his grand-nephew, became the next heir. In 1798 the old lord died, and Byron and his mother bade farewell to Scotland, and took possession of Newstead Abbey. Two years later he went to Harrow, and formed there several enthusiastic friendships, and made his first essays in verse.

My first dash into poetry (he says) was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker, one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes, her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure. I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards.

A few years later the youth fell in love with another cousin, Mary Chaworth, and it was a terrible disappointment to him when she was married to another. In later years, in a foreign land, he wrote with many tears the poem entitled ‘The Dream,’ which is the sad story of his love :

As the sweet moon on the horizon’s verge,  
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him; he had looked  
Upon it till it could not pass away;  
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;  
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,  
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,  
Which coloured all his objects;—he had ceased  
To live within himself; she was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all.

In 1805 Byron went to Cambridge, and two years later published a volume of poems entitled ‘Hours of

Idleness.' None of the poems show any great merit, though Wordsworth saw in them a promise of future excellence. In one of the pleasantest he recalls his childish recollection of the wild Highland scenery :

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you.  
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again :  
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,  
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.  
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic  
 To one who has roved on the mountains afar :  
 Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic !  
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr !

A flippant and insulting notice of the poems appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and stung the young poet into fury. In 1809 he responded in the vigorous satire, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' written in the style of Pope's 'Dunciad,' but with far inferior power. He strikes out wildly against Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Scott, and many others of less note, and he compares the critic, Lord Jeffrey, to the infamous judge of that name.

Health to immortal Jeffrey ! once, in name,  
 England could boast a judge almost the same ;  
 In soul so like, so merciful, yet just ;  
 Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,  
 And given the spirit to the world again,  
 To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.

But a few years later he was ashamed of his 'Satire,' and did his best to suppress it.

It was written (he says) when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since ; more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends.

Immediately after the publication of the 'Satire' Byron set out on his travels to the East, accompanied by his friend Hobhouse, and by one or two servants. He sailed to Lisbon, visited some of the battlefields of Spain, then went on to Malta and Greece, and still further to Smyrna and Constantinople. He visited Athens both in going and returning, and his song 'Maid of Athens' is a pleasant memorial of his sojourn there.

In July 1811 he was back in England, and early in 1812 the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' were published, and Byron 'woke one morning and found himself famous.' These fine poems, though far inferior to some of his later works, show a wonderful advance in power over 'Hours of Idleness,' and nothing is more remarkable in Byron's career than the rapidity with which his mind expanded, until there was no living English poet who could compete with him in sublimity and strength. The following stanza from the first canto of 'Childe Harold' forms part of a glowing description of the battlefield of Talavera :

Lo ! where the giant on the mountain stands,  
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,  
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;  
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon  
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet  
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ;  
For on this morn three potent nations meet,  
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Byron was now for a time the idol of London society, and he astonished and delighted the world with a succession of brilliant metrical romances, 'The Giaour,' 'The

Bride of Abydos,' 'The Corsair,' 'Lara,' 'Siege of Corinth,' and 'Parisina,' all of them dashed off with careless haste, and all containing passages of great beauty. Foremost among these passages may be placed the comparison in 'The Giaour' of the present state of Greece with the beauty of a corpse in the first hours of death.

Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away  
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

Byron now made acquaintance with all the leading men of letters, and became the warm friend of several of them. His intercourse with Scott was especially cordial, and no mean jealousy came in to mar it, though the two were rivals in the fields of romance. 'I gave over writing romances' (says Scott) 'because Byron beat me. He hits the mark, where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow. He has access to a stream of sentiment unknown to me.' On the other hand, Byron never ceased to admire the 'Author of Waverley,' and styled him the 'Wizard' and the 'Ariosto of the North.'

In January 1815 Byron married an heiress, Miss Milbanke, and the marriage proved a most unfortunate one. A daughter Ada was born in December, and in the

following January his wife separated from him for some cause or causes which have never been explained. But from the first the poet had melancholy forebodings of the result, and on the marriage day the image of his cousin Mary Chaworth haunted him.

I saw him stand  
 Before an altar—with a gentle bride;  
 Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
 The Starlight of his Boyhood.      •  
 And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
 The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,  
 And all things reel'd around him.<sup>1</sup>

Married life begun under such auspices was not likely to be completely happy; and Byron was subject to violent outbursts of passion, and his way of life was wild and irregular. Still the year had its joys as well as sorrows, and there are many evidences that Byron felt sorely wounded by the separation. The world which had so lately worshipped the poet now turned fiercely against him, and in April 1816 he left England never to return again in life. He went first to Brussels, then up the Rhine and through Switzerland, and settled on the shore of Lake Geneva, where he wrote the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' one of the most beautiful of all his works.

In the opening stanzas he describes the bitterness of heart with which he quitted England:

Once more upon the waters! yet once more,  
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
 That knows his rider. Welcome, to the roar!  
 Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!

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<sup>1</sup> The Dream.

Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,  
 And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,  
 Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail,  
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

Then, a few stanzas later, comes the magnificent picture of the Eve of Waterloo; then, a little later, the beautiful song of the Rhine,

The castled crag of Drackenfels;

and then the description of Lake Lemman with its many beauties and its associations with Rousseau, Voltaire, and Gibbon:

Clear, placid Lemman! thy contrasted lake,  
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing  
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
 To waft me from distraction; once I loved  
 Torn Ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reprove,  
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

A few months later he wrote 'Manfred,' the best of all his dramas unless we except 'Cain,' and one which Goethe praised warmly. There are passages in it almost without number of lovely description, while tones of remorse and despair are continually recurring.

*Manfred.* She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,  
 Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone  
 Even of her voice, they said, were like to mine;  
 But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty;  
 She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,  
 The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind  
 To comprehend the universe; nor these  
 Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,

Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;  
 And tenderness—but that I had for her;  
 Humility—and that I never had.  
 Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—  
 I loved her, and destroyed her!

*Witch.*

With thy hand?

*Manfred.* Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart—  
 It gazed on mine, and withered.

‘*Manfred*’ was finished early in 1817 at Venice, and there Byron lived for the next two years, leading a dissolute life, and writing the fourth canto of ‘*Childe Harold*’ and the early cantos of ‘*Don Juan*.’

The fourth canto of ‘*Childe Harold*’ is not more beautiful than the third, but it is far grander, and the magnificent pictures of Venice and Rome in their decay, of Santa Croce, and the tombs of Petrarch and Tasso are the natural outpourings of the melancholy spirit of Byron, while the noble address to the ocean gives a magnificent finish to the whole poem.

‘*Don Juan*’ is the last great work of Byron, and in some respects it is the greatest of all. In his earlier works the poet himself, with his indignant sorrows, has been too constantly present in the picture, but in this poem his painting is thoroughly objective. The earlier cantos especially contain an endless variety, and excite a never-failing interest; and critics who exclaimed most bitterly against the moral tendency of the work were most ready to acknowledge its unrivalled power. The great Goethe was charmed with it, and said:

‘*Don Juan*’ is a thoroughly genial work—misanthropical to the bitterest savageness, tender to the most exquisite delicacy of sweet feelings; and when we once understand and appreciate the author, and



make up our minds not fretfully and vainly to wish him other than he is, it is impossible not to enjoy what he chooses to pour out before us with such unbounded audacity—with such utter recklessness.

And Sir Walter Scott, in an affectionate tribute to Byron's memory, says :

Neither 'Childe Harold,' nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of 'Don Juan,' amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off, with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind.

The most beautiful part of the poem is the story in the second and third cantos of Haidée, the innocent maiden, who rescues Juan when he has been wrecked on one of the Cyclades, and is lying heavily sleeping and utterly exhausted in a cave on the shore. The following stanzas give a most charming picture :

And down the cliff the island virgin came,  
And near the cave her quick, light footsteps drew,  
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,  
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,  
Taking her for a sister ; just the same  
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,  
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,  
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.  
And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd  
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw  
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept ;  
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe,  
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept  
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,  
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as death,  
Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.  
For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek  
A purple hectic play'd like dying day  
On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak  
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,

Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak ;  
 And his black curls were dewy with the spray,  
 Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,  
 Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

'Don Juan' was never completed. The sixteenth canto is imperfect, and the fifteenth ends with the following impressive stanza :

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.  
 How little do we know that which we are !  
 How less what we may be ! The eternal surge  
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
 Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,  
 Lash'd from the foam of ages ; while the graves  
 Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

This was written in 1823, and within a year the poet's life was ended. Byron had ever been an ardent lover of liberty, had grieved over the fall of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons, had plotted with revolutionists in Italy, and now he cast in his lot with the Greeks who were striving to throw off the yoke of Turkey.

In July 1823 he sailed for Greece, and after spending some time in the Ionian Islands he landed at Missolonghi in January 1824. Within a month he was seized with illness, and on April 19 he died, amidst the universal grief of those whom he came to save.

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## SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, even more than Byron, was a child of the revolutionary age, and inherited its deep discontent with the settled order of things, and its

passionate yearning after a new era of liberty. Like Byron, too, he was cut off at an early age while his genius was still immature, and the works he has left are symbols of more excellent ones which might have been expected had he lived longer.

He was born in August 1792, and belonged to a wealthy family in Sussex. At the age of ten he was sent to a private school at Brentford, and a little later to Eton. He was a dreamy, enthusiastic boy, who took little share in school sports, and was passionately fond of reading and of experimental science.

In 1810 he went to Oxford and formed a warm friendship with Thomas Jefferson Hogg, a fellow-student, who afterwards wrote an interesting life of the poet.

His features (Hogg tells us), his whole face, and particularly his head, were unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough.

His features were not symmetrical (the mouth perhaps excepted), yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance.

Shelley's favourite study at Oxford was philosophy, and his favourite authors were Hume and the atheistical philosophers of France, and he himself composed a tiny pamphlet with the title, 'The Necessity of Atheism.' The pamphlet was brought before the notice of the college authorities, and in March 1811 Shelley and his friend Hogg were expelled from the university.

He now spent some restless, uneasy months in

London, and at first his father refused him any support, but afterwards allowed him 200*l.* a year. He paid frequent visits to his sisters, who were at a school in Clapham, fell in love with Harriet Westbrook, one of their school-fellows, and in August ran off with her to Scotland, and was there married.

After staying a while in Edinburgh the young couple went to York, where Hogg was settled; then to Keswick, where Shelley gained the acquaintance of Southey; then they crossed to Dublin, where Shelley strove to rouse the Irish on the subject of Catholic Emancipation; and then, a few months later, they left Ireland and settled in Wales.

In 1813 Shelley's first considerable poem, 'Queen Mab,' was printed and was distributed privately among his friends. The poem has beautifully melodious passages, but the thoughts are immature, and the notes are crammed with Shelley's crude atheistical notions. A pirated edition was soon issued, but Shelley regretted that it was ever published.

From Wales Shelley came to London, and in June 1813 his first child Ianthe was born. But from this time a coldness began between the husband and wife, and in 1814 they parted by mutual consent. Shelley almost immediately formed a new connection with Mary Godwin, the accomplished daughter of a philosophical writer whose books Shelley greatly admired. The couple paid a visit to France and Switzerland, and on their return they settled near Windsor Forest, and there Shelley composed his first great poem, 'Alastor.' The opening lines of the poem are very beautiful.

Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !  
If our great mother have imbued my soul  
With aught of natural piety to feel  
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine  
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,  
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness ;  
If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,  
And winter robing with pure snow, and crowns  
Of starry ice, the grey grass and bare boughs ;  
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes  
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me ;  
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast,  
I consciously have injured, but still loved  
And cherished these my brethren ; then forgive  
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw  
No portion of your wonted favour now !

We are told that doctors had declared Shelley at this time to be dying rapidly of consumption, and the poem is filled with a pensive melancholy. The story is of a youthful poet who wanders over all the earth and dies at last alone.

There was a poet whose untimely tomb  
No human hands with pious reverence reared,  
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds  
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid  
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness ;  
A lovely youth—no mourning maiden decked  
With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,  
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep ;  
Gentle, and brave, and generous, no lorn bard  
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh.  
He lived, he died, he sang in solitude.  
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,  
And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined,  
And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.  
The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,  
And Silence too, enamoured of that voice,  
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

A little later in the poem we are told how the poet wanders through the ruined temples of the East, and spells out their mysteries.

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his food,  
 Her daily portion, from her father's tent,  
 And spread her matting for his couch, and stole  
 From duties and repose to tend his steps ;  
 Enamoured, yet not daring for deep awe  
 To speak her love : and watched his nightly sleep,  
 Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips  
 Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath  
 Of innocent dreams arose ; then, when red morn  
 Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home,  
 Wildered, and wan, and panting, she returned.

We have only to compare this figure of the Arab maiden with Haidée in 'Don Juan' to feel the immense superiority of the latter. And indeed we may say of nearly all Shelley's poetry that it is very beautiful, but with the beauty of cloudland or dreamland ; it is filled with sweet sounds and lovely images, but has only a faint trace of the human interest which is so strong in the poetry of Burns and Byron.

In 1816 Shelley and Mary Godwin went again to Switzerland, and spent some months with Lord Byron on the shores of Lake Geneva, and Shelley's influence may probably be traced in the ethereal tones that pervade the third canto of 'Childe Harold.'

In the autumn they returned to England, and Shelley received the news that his wife, from whom he had parted two years before, had committed suicide. The sad news filled him with remorse, but he nevertheless married Mary Godwin a few months later. He sought to gain possession of his two children, but they were made wards

in Chancery, and their custody was denied him, on the double grounds of the atheism in 'Queen Mab' and of his conduct to the children's mother.

The summer months of 1817 were spent at Marlow in Buckinghamshire, and here Shelley wrote 'Laon and Cythna; or, the Revolt of Islam,' a poem in twelve cantos in the stanza of Spenser. The poet calls it 'a vision of the nineteenth century,' and he pictures in it

the awakening of an immense nation from their slavery and degradation to a true sense of moral dignity and freedom; the bloodless dethronement of their oppressors, and the unveiling of the religious frauds by which they had been deluded into submission; the tranquillity of successful patriotism, and the universal toleration and benevolence of true philanthropy.

The following lines are from the fifth canto, and are part of a glowing address by the heroine to the assembled multitudes :

My brethren, we are free ! the plains and mountains,  
The gray sea-shore, the forests and the fountains,  
Are haunts of happiest dwellers ;—man and woman,  
Their common bondage burst, may freely borrow  
From lawless love a solace for their sorrow ;  
For oft we still must weep, since we are human.  
    A stormy night's serenest morrow,  
    Whose showers are pity's gentle tears,  
    Whose clouds are smiles of those that die  
    Like infants without hopes or fears,  
    And whose beams are joys that lie  
    In blended hearts, now holds dominion ;  
The dawn of mind, which upwards on a pinion  
Borne, swift as sunrise, far illumines space,  
And clasps this barren world in its own bright embrace.

My brethren, we are free ! the fruits are glowing  
Beneath the stars, and the night winds are flowing

O'er the ripe corn, the birds and beasts are dreaming—  
 Never again may blood of bird or beast  
 Stain with its venomous stream a human feast,  
 To the pure skies in accusation steaming.  
     Avenging poisons shall have ceased  
     To feed disease and fear and madness,  
     The dwellers of the earth and air  
     Shall throng around our steps in gladness,  
     Seeking their food or refuge there.  
 Our toil from thought all glorious forms shall cull,  
 To make this Earth, our home, more beautiful,  
 And Science, and her sister Poesy  
 Shall clothe in light the fields and cities of the free !

In 1818 the Shelleys left England and the poet never returned. They went to Italy and visited the chief Italian cities, and finally settled at Pisa. At Venice they found Lord Byron, who read to them the first canto of 'Don Juan,' while Shelley's poem of 'Julian and Maddalo' gives an interesting picture of the friendly communings of the two poets.

In 1819 Shelley produced his two greatest works, 'The Cenci' and the 'Prometheus Unbound.' Of these two great dramas the former is the story of a hideous Italian tragedy which occurred in 1599, the memory of which is preserved in legal records, and in Guido's beautiful portrait of Beatrice Cenci at Rome. Of all Shelley's works his is the most popular, and in it he attains a realistic vividness which is not found in his other works.

In the following lines the wicked Count Cenci reveals his fiendish nature :

When I was young I thought of nothing else  
 But pleasure ; and I fed on honey sweets ;  
 Men, by St. Thomas ! cannot live like bees,  
 And I grew tired ;—yet, till I killed a foe,



And heard his groans, and heard his children's groans.  
 Knew I not what delight was else on earth,  
 Which now delights me little. I the rather  
 Look on such pangs as terror ill conceals —  
 The dry, fixed eyeball; the pale, quivering lip,  
 Which tell me that the spirit weeps within  
 Tears bitterer than the bloody sweat of Christ.  
 I rarely kill the body, which preserves,  
 Like a strong prison, the soul within my power,\*  
 Wherein I feed it with the breath of fear  
 For hourly pain.

And when he is exulting in the deaths of his sons and  
 the ruin of his daughter, he exclaims :

When all is done, out in the wide Campagna  
 I will pile up my silver and my gold ;  
 My costly robes, paintings and tapestries ;  
 My parchments, and all records of my wealth,  
 And make a bonfire in my joy, and leave  
 Of my possessions nothing but my name ;  
 Which shall be an inheritance to strap  
 Its wearer bare as infamy.

And Beatrice, poor hapless girl ! after her father's  
 murder, when she is condemned to die, cries in her first  
 agony :

My God ! can it be possible I have  
 To die so suddenly ? So young to go  
 Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground ;  
 To be nailed down into a narrow place ;  
 To see no more sweet sunshine ; hear no more  
 Blithe voice of living thing ; muse not again  
 Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost —  
 How fearful ! to be nothing ! O, to be . . .  
 What ? O, where am I ? Let me not go mad !  
 Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts ! If there should be  
 No God, no Heaven, no Earth in the void world ;  
 The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world !

If all things then should be . . . my father's spirit,  
 His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me ;  
 The atmosphere and breath of my dead life !  
 If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,  
 Even the form which tortured me on earth,  
 Masked in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come  
 And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix  
 His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down !

But she soon grows calmer, and cheers her step-mother as they go together to execution :

Here, mother, tie  
 My girdle for me, and bind up this hair  
 In any simple knot ; aye, that does well.  
 And yours, I see, is coming down. How often  
 Have we not done this for one another ; now  
 We shall not do it any more. My Lord,  
 We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

Of 'Prometheus Unbound' we have no space to speak except to say it contains some of Shelley's finest lyrics, especially the one beginning—

Life of Life ! thy lips enkindle  
 With their love the breath between them.

It abounds, too, in beautiful descriptive passages, among which may be mentioned the speech of Prometheus with which the drama opens, and his speech in the third act, describing the happy place where he and Asia will dwell together.

In 1820 Shelley wrote the well-known 'Ode to a Skylark,' 'The Sensitive Plant,' 'The Witch of Atlas,' and other poems. In 1821 he wrote 'Epipsychidion,' a beautiful but very enigmatical poem, and also 'Adonais,' the eloquent lament over the death of Keats.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep,  
 He hath awakened from the dream of life —  
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
 And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife  
 Invulnerable nothings. We decay  
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief  
 Convulse us, and consume us day by day,  
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
 Can touch him not and torture not again;  
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He is made one with Nature; there is heard  
 His voice in all her music, from the moan  
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;  
 He is a presence to be felt and known  
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,  
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

In the preface to 'Adonais' Shelley describes the burial-place of Keats at Rome:

The romantic and lovely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massive walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

To this quiet resting-place Shelley's ashes were brought in the next year, 1822. He had come to Pisa to welcome

his old friend Leigh Hunt, and was returning in a small coasting vessel, when a terrible thunderstorm came on and the boat was wrecked. A week later the poet's body was found, and was burnt upon the shore in the presence of Byron, Leigh Hunt, and others. The ashes were taken to Rome, and the poet's heart was brought to England.

### CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE has exercised in the nineteenth century the same kind of influence that Johnson did in the eighteenth, but a wider and deeper one. As Johnson was surrounded by Burke, and Goldsmith, and Reynolds, and others who loved and revered him, so Carlyle had his circle of admirers—Ruskin, and Browning, and Emerson, and Dickens, and others, not to speak of the hundreds and thousands who never saw him, but whose enthusiasm for learning was first kindled by his wise and earnest words.

He was born in the little village of Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire, in December 1795, a few months before Robert Burns passed away. His father, James Carlyle, was a mason and peasant farmer, a man of little education, but of remarkable natural endowments and force of character. His son's love and reverence for him find a very beautiful expression in the 'Memoir of James Carlyle' which forms the first part of the 'Reminiscences.'

Thomas was sent at the age of nine to the Annan Grammar School, and in 1809 he went to the Edinburgh

University, trudging over the eighty miles of hill and dale with a single companion.

A charming secluded shepherd country, with excellent shepherd population, nowhere setting up to be picturesque, but everywhere honest, comely, well done-to, peaceable, and useful.

No company to you but the rustle of the grass underfoot, the tinkling of the brook, or the voices of innocent primeval things. You had the world and its waste imbroglios of joy and woe, of light and darkness to yourself alone. You could strip barefoot if it suited better, carry shoes and socks over shoulder, hung on your stick; clean shirt and comb were in your pocket; *omnia mea mecum porto*. You lodged with shepherds who had clean solid cottages; wholesome eggs, milk, oat bread, porridge, clean blankets to their beds, and a great deal of human sense and unadulterated natural politeness.

Carlyle was sent to the university that he might be trained for the ministry; but he felt, year by year, less inclination for that vocation, and in 1817 he finally determined against it. Meanwhile he had been engaged in teaching first in Edinburgh, then in his old school at Annan, and in 1816 at Kirkcaldy, where Edward Irving also was a teacher. The friendship between the two youths made the next few years a pleasant time, and in Carlyle's 'Reminiscences of Irving' there are delightful records of excursions and friendly communings.

Such colloquies, and such roving about in bright scenes, in talk or in silence, I have never had since.

The beach of Kirkcaldy in summer twilights, a mile of the smoothest sand, with one long wave coming on gently, steadily, and breaking in gradual explosion into harmless melodious white, at your hand all the way; the break of it, rushing along like a mane of foam, beautifully sounding and advancing, ran from south to north, from the West Burn to Kirkcaldy harbour, through the whole mile's distance. This was a favourite scene, beautiful to me still, in the far away. We roved in the woods too, sometimes till all was dark.

After a while Irving went away to be assistant minister to Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow, and from thence to London to win immense popularity as a preacher, and to end his life in sadness and disappointment in 1834. But the friendship remained warm and true to the end, and Carlyle gave passionate vent to his grief in a short paper in 1835 on the 'Death of Edward Irving.'

In 1818 Carlyle left Kirkcaldy and abandoned the profession of teacher, and the next few years were rendered miserable by ill-health and mental distress. He roamed over the moors of Dumfriesshire and the streets of Edinburgh, almost distracted at times, and he has painted the gloom of this period in 'Sartor Resartus,' in the chapters on the 'Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh,' and on the 'Everlasting No.'

The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only, when I, murmuring half audibly, recited Faust's Death Song—that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom he finds in battle's splendour)—and thought that of this last friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny i'self could not doom me not to die.

Religious doubts were among Carlyle's bitterest sorrows, and in this respect he differed widely from Irving, whose faith was simple and fervent and unquestioning. At the end of one of their summer excursions, when they were on the point of parting, Carlyle tells us:

We leant our backs to a dry stone fence, and, looking into the western radiance, continued in talk yet a while, loth both of us to go. It was just here, as the sun was sinking, Irving actually drew from me by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for me to expect I ever could or should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take

well of me, like an elder brother, if I would be frank with him. And right loyally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealment on that head.

In 'Sartor Resartus,' after the chapter on the 'Everlasting No,' there soon follows that on the 'Everlasting Yea,' and we feel that Carlyle has done battle with his doubts, and has silenced them if not quelled them.

To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man—when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish—should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there, fronting the Tempter, do grimdest battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly.

Name it as we choose: with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness, to such Temptation are we all called. Our wilderness is the wide world in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting; nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me, also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only.

The study of German literature, especially of Goethe, helped to bring calmness and strength to Carlyle's restless spirit, and his two earliest works of consequence were the 'Life of Schiller' and the translation of Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.'

In 1824 he paid a visit to Irving in London, and there is a pleasant record of the visit in the 'Reminiscences.' Irving was at the height of his own success, and was buoyant and encouraging.

'You will see now,' he would say; 'one day we two will shake hands across the brook, you as first in literature, I as first in divinity, and people will say, "Both these fellows are from Annandale. Where is Annandale?"'

It was now that he paid the visits to Coleridge which enabled him many years later to draw the famous picture in the 'Life of Sterling.'

In November Carlyle paid a short visit to Paris with two of Irving's friends, and saw, with the keen eyes which missed nothing and forgot nothing, the scenery of the great drama of the Revolution. Next year he was back in Scotland, and was busy with his translations of 'German Romance.'

In 1826 he married Miss Jane Welsh, the daughter of Dr. Welsh of Haddington, a lady whom he had known since 1821, and who had been the brightest and best of Irving's pupils.

No married life with its joys and sorrows is better known to us than theirs. Mrs. Carlyle was herself a woman of genius, and the collection of her letters gives the brightest and wittiest picture of their life after they came to London.

The young couple settled first at Comley Bank, near Edinburgh, and Carlyle gained the friendship of the great Jeffrey, and began to write for the 'Edinburgh Review' the series of his well-known articles, 'Jean Paul,' 'Goethe,' 'Heyne,' 'Burns,' and others. In 1828 they moved to Craigenputtock, a lonely farmhouse among the hills of Dumfriesshire, where they lived for six years. Carlyle continued to write articles for the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Foreign Review,' and other periodicals, and in this hilly solitude he meditated and wrote his great work, 'Sartor Resartus.'

The most interesting part of this work is Part II., which is in a sense autobiographical, and, under other



names, Ecclefechan, and Annan, and James Carlyle, and other places and persons can be recognised. The following extract gives a pleasant picture, which may be compared with that of the lame little Walter Scott lying among the tufts of heather at Smailholm.

On fine evenings I was wont to carry forth my supper, and eat it out of doors. On the coping of the orchard wall, which I could reach by climbing, my porringer was placed: there, many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant western mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those lines of gold and azure, that hush of world's expectation as Day died, were still a Hebrew speech for me; nevertheless, I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their gilding.

The beautiful maiden Blumine, who is mentioned in later chapters, is said to have been a Miss Margaret Gordon, a Highland lady, poor and proud, but beautiful and good. She also had been one of Irving's pupils, and some letters of hers to Carlyle, gentle and wise in tone, have been preserved. In later years they met, but as strangers, in London, 'on horseback both of us, and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, "Yes, yes, that is you."'

The solitude of Craigenputtock was especially wearisome to Mrs. Carlyle, but it was relieved occasionally by the visits of Jeffrey, of Carlyle's father, and in 1833 by a most delightful one of the American Emerson.

I found the house (he tells us) amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming

humour, which floated everything he looked upon. He was already turning his eyes towards London with a scholar's appreciation. London is the heart of the world, he said, wonderful only from the mass of human beings. He liked the huge machine.

To London they came the next year, and settled in Cheyne Row, in the house which was to be Carlyle's for nearly fifty years to come. Here, during the next two years, he wrote his great prose poem, the 'History of the French Revolution,' perhaps the most perfect of all his works. The subject had long been deeply interesting to him, and he had already touched it in preliminary sketches in his articles on 'Voltaire,' 'Diderot,' and the 'Diamond Necklace.' In the latter work there is a most pathetic picture of the death of Marie Antoinette which may rival Burke's impassioned outburst of eloquence.

John Stuart Mill was at this time one of Carlyle's most devoted admirers, and gathered books for him treating of the French Revolution, and handed over to him materials which he had himself collected for a work on the subject.

When the first volume was finished, it was lent in manuscript to Mill, and was destroyed through the carelessness of a servant. Poor Mill was in despair, and Carlyle himself scarcely less so; but after infinite trouble the volume was re-written, and Mrs. Carlyle thought it had gained in concentrated force through the terrible ordeal of its birth.

The work was finished at last, and was such a history as had seldom or never been written. It is with rising tears and quickened pulses that we read many of the

chapters, and we feel that Carlyle has the poet's vision and inspiration as well as the historian's knowledge and research. We have space for one extract only—that of the death-bed of Louis XV.

Yes, poor Louis, Death hath found thee. No palace walls or life-guards, gorgeous tapestries or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial could keep him out; but he is here, here at the very life-breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a chimera and scenic show, at length becomest a reality; sumptuous Versailles bursts asunder, like a dream, into void Immensity; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked with hideous clangour round thy soul: the pale kingdoms yawn open; there must thou enter, naked, all unking'd, and await what is appointed thee! Unhappy man, there as thou turnest, in dull agony, on thy bed of weariness, what a thought is thine! Purgatory and Hell-fire, now, all too possible, in the prospect: in the retrospect,—alas! what thing didst thou do that were not better undone; what mortal didst thou generously help; what sorrow hadst thou mercy on?

Frightful, O Louis, seem these moments for thee. We will pry no further into the horrors of a sinner's death-bed.

We must hasten over the remainder of Carlyle's life, though it is a period of forty years. His writings as yet brought him in little money, and they made their way more rapidly in America than in England. Emerson was his enthusiastic friend, and urged him to come to America to lecture, and Harriet Martineau and others urged him to do the same at home.

It was a task which he dreaded above all things, but he gathered himself together and did it well. His first course began on May 1, 1837, and the subject, 'German Literature,' was one he knew well.

In May 1838 another course followed, and another in 1839, and in May 1840 there came the final course,

the 'Lectures on Heroes,' which alone he thought worthy of republication.

In 1839 he addressed himself to what he called the 'Condition of England Question,' in the remarkable work entitled 'Chartism,' and in 1843 returned to it in 'Past and Present,' and once more, in 'Latter Day Pamphlets,' in 1850.

The 'Lectures on Heroes' had set him thinking seriously on Cromwell, and in 1845 he finished the 'Letters and Speeches,' which some reckon as his masterpiece. It is certainly a work of excellent merit, and has wonderfully life-like little pictures of the buried seventeenth century.

In 1851 he dashed off the beautiful sketch of John Sterling's life, and then set himself to what proved a long and weary task, the 'History of Friedrich II. of Prussia.' He read books innumerable, he visited Germany and travelled over Friedrich's battle-fields, and laboured incessantly at the work, though it often wearied and disgusted him.

At the end of 1864 it was finished and was well received in England, and better still in America. Emerson enthusiastically declared that

Friedrich was the wittiest book that was ever written; a book that one would think the English people would rise up in mass and thank the author for by cordial acclamation, and signify, by crowning him with oak leaves, their joy that such a head existed among them.

In 1866 he accepted the invitation to be Lord Rector of the Edinburgh University, and many men now living remember his speech as the grandest they ever listened to. While resting peacefully with his relations in

Dumfries, during the next few days, he received news of his wife's sudden death, and 'the light of his life was gone out.'

In the years that still remained to him of life, his chief literary work was the arranging his wife's letters for publication, and in writing her memoir, and that of his and her early friend, Edward Irving.

He was surrounded by friends who loved and honoured him; but life was a weary burden, and he passed away in February 1881.

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#### DICKENS AND THACKERAY

SIR WALTER SCOTT's last great novel was published in 1826, and he himself passed away in 1832. Meanwhile, there were growing up to manhood two youths who were to rival him in power, though in style they resembled not him, but rather Smollett and Fielding.

Of the two, Dickens was the younger by a year, but his genius shone out earlier, for 'Pickwick' was published in 1836, while Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' came ten years later. From that time onward for nearly twenty years the two great writers worked in friendly emulation, and Dickens wrote a touching tribute of praise when Thackeray suddenly died in 1863.

Dickens was born in 1812, at Portsea, and his father was a clerk in Portsmouth Dockyard. When Charles was two years old the family removed to London, then two years later to Chatham, then to London again when he was nine years old. Then began for the little boy the years of sordid misery which are faithfully related

in several chapters of 'David Copperfield.' For the Mr. Micawber of that story is no other than Dickens's own father, who, after struggling in vain with money difficulties, was carried away to prison, telling the broken-hearted boy 'that the sun was set upon him for ever.'

Then he describes his first visit to his father in prison in the very words of 'David Copperfield.'

My father was waiting for me in the lodge, and we went up to his room (on the top story but one), and cried very much. And he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy; but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched.

The boy himself was sent to work at a blacking warehouse in the Strand, and felt very wretched and forlorn.

It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me that, even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school.

The miseries of that time he could never forget, and many years later he writes :

Even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life.

But brighter days were coming. His father was released from prison and became a newspaper reporter. Charles was after a time taken from the blacking manufactory, and sent to a school in the Hampstead Road; then, at the age of fifteen, he became an attorney's clerk; and a little later, like his father, he became a

reporter, first in the law courts, and afterwards in the gallery of the House of Commons.

His first essay in fiction was the amusing sketch of 'Mr. Minns and his Cousin,' which was published in the 'Old Monthly Magazine' in 1833, and Dickens tells us how great was his delight to see himself in print.

I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there.

Other sketches followed, both in this magazine and in the 'Evening Chronicle'; and in 1836 these scattered papers were collected into two volumes entitled 'Sketches by Boz,' and were published with illustrations by Cruikshank.

The same year the immortal 'Pickwick' began to appear in shilling monthly numbers, and soon attained an immense popularity. Old and young, high and low, were delighted with its overflowing fun and its droll characters, and it is still perhaps the most widely read of all Dickens's books.

While 'Pickwick' was still appearing 'Oliver Twist' was begun, and both that story and 'Nicholas Nickleby' appeared during 1838-9. Then, in 1840, 'The Old Curiosity Shop' appeared, with its sweetly pathetic story of Little Nell, and 'Barnaby Rudge' followed in the next year.

In all of these novels Dickens displays a wonderful fertility of invention. Fielding's characters can be numbered by the dozen, but here they are in hundreds, and most of them possess a very high degree of freshness and originality. Sam Weller, in particular, is as wonderful a

creation as Shakspeare's Falstaff. Many of the characters are, however, exaggerated and unreal; but, while the story is one of broad comedy, this seems natural enough. Some of the villains, such as Quilp in 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' and Dennis in 'Barnaby Rudge,' are grotesque rather than horrible; but Fagin and Bill Sikes are powerful and lifelike studies of evil natures. In his pictures of children in their joys and sorrows Dickens is always beautiful and true, and it is this which gives so great a charm to 'Oliver Twist' and 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

In 1842 Dickens visited America, and on his return wrote 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' This novel was not so popular as its predecessors, and in America it caused much offence by its unflattering descriptions; but the character of Pecksniff is a wonderful creation, and Ruth and Tom Pinch are delightful.

In 1844 Dickens went to Italy, and the next few years he spent chiefly in Genoa and Lausanne and Paris. Before starting, he wrote the first of his Christmas books, the 'Christmas Carol,' and with it delighted the hearts of all good men. 'Who can listen,' said Thackeray, 'to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and, to every man or woman who reads it, a personal kindness.'

His next great work was 'Dombey and Son,' which was meant as a rebuke to pride, as 'Martin Chuzzlewit' had been to hypocrisy. The picture of little Paul Dombey is a very beautiful one, and the description of his death is no less affecting than that of Little Nell.

'Now lay me down,' he said; 'and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you.'



Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

'How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it is very near the sea. I hear the waves; they always said so.'

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

In 1849 'David Copperfield' was written, and, two years later, 'Bleak House' and 'Hard Times.' Dickens then went once more on the Continent, and for three years spent most of his time in Boulogne and Paris. 'Little Dorrit' was written in 1855, and the 'Tale of Two Cities' in 1857. This last book is the fruit of his sojourn in Paris, and is a picture of the stormy times of the Revolution.

It has been one of my hopes (he says) to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book.

With the exception of 'Barnaby Rudge,' this is the only instance of Dickens making an incursion into the domain of history, and here his success falls far short of that of Thackeray and Scott. His great and peculiar strength lay in the delineation of life as it passed around him, and especially of the crowd of whimsical characters that were to be met with in the great London which he knew so well.

In 1858 Dickens began his series of public readings

from his works, and continued them nearly till the time of his death. He was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and the lectures were a great financial success; but the fatigue and excitement were most injurious, and certainly hastened his death. In 1867 he crossed once more to America to give a course of readings, and he gave a final course in England after his return in 1868.

His last novels were 'Great Expectations' in 1860, 'Our Mutual Friend' in 1864, and 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood,' which was left unfinished. The fragment is a very beautiful one, and shows little or no decay of power, either in the sketching of the persons and places, or in the management of the plot, so far as it is unfolded.

On the 9th of June 1870 he died.

**William Makepeace Thackeray** was born in 1811 in Calcutta, where his father was in the Civil Service. He was sent home when a child to be educated in England, and in one of his lectures he recalls the time.

When I first saw England she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a walk over rocks and hills till we passed a garden where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day, and all the children on whom he can lay hands.' There were people in the British dominions, besides that poor black, who had an equal terror and horror of the Corsican ogre.

Thackeray was sent to the Charterhouse, the school of Steele and Addison, and the genius of the place may have helped to kindle his love for these two writers. He

often refers to his old school in his writings, and it is the Grey Friars where Colonel Newcome ends his days.

In 1829 he went to Cambridge, but remained only a year, and then he spent some time on the Continent, at Weimar, where he saw the great Goethe, and at Paris, where he studied as an artist. He always retained his love for art, and his works abound with descriptions of the merry vagabond life of artists. He never himself became a master, but he illustrated some of his own writings, and, though the drawing is defective, the humour is often exquisite.

In 1832 he was back in England, and came into possession of his fortune, but lost it all within a year or two in newspaper speculations. Then he became a writer for the newspapers and magazines, and Carlyle makes mention, in 1837, of an enthusiastic review of the 'French Revolution' which appeared in the 'Times.'

The writer is one Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is now writing for his life in London. His article is rather like him, and I suppose calculated to do the book good.

About the same time he began a series of sketches and stories in 'Fraser's Magazine,' and they were continued during the next six or seven years. The series opened with the 'Memoirs of Jeames Yellowplush,' and 'The History of the Great Hoggarty Diamond' and the 'Memoirs of Barry Lyndon' were among the stories which followed.

In the 'Memoirs of Yellowplush' Thackeray adopted the device of the comically inaccurate spelling which

Smollett had used in 'Humphrey Clinker,' and in his hands it becomes still more amusing.

These stories in 'Fraser' are full of wit and comic touches, but there is a tone of sadness and bitterness running through them. The story of 'Mr. Deuceace at Paris' is as terrible as one of Balzac's, and the 'Poor thing! Poor thing!' with which it ends, comes from the writer's heart.

Thackeray had his own private griefs, which reflected themselves in his writings. He married in 1837; but in a few years his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, lost her reason, and he was left without the comforts of a home. *Vanitas vanitatum*—bright hopes, bitter disappointments—is the sermon which he never tires of preaching. He was a cynic, but one of the most genial and compassionate, with the keenest eye for the folly and meanness of human nature, but with a heart full of sympathy for its weakness.

After his death a friend wrote of him :

He was a cynic ! By his life all wrought  
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways ;  
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,  
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.

He was a cynic ! You might read it writ  
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair ;  
In those blue eyes, with childlike candour lit,  
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

About 1840, or a little later, Thackeray joined the staff of 'Punch,' and continued to be a contributor for ten years or more.

In 'Punch' his amusing 'Snob Papers' appeared, and in his introductory chapter he tells us :

I have (and for this gift I congratulate myself with a Deep and Abiding Thankfulness) an eye for a Snob. If the Truthful is the Beautiful, it is Beautiful to study even the Snobbish; to track Snobs through history, as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles; to sink shafts in Society, and come upon rich veins of Snob-ore. Snob-bishness is like Death in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you never have heard, 'beating with equal foot at poor men's doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors.' It is a great mistake to judge of Snobs lightly, and think they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense percentage of Snobs, I believe, is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of Snobs; to do so shows that you are yourself a Snob. I myself have been taken for one.

Then follow the chapters on Military Snobs, Clerical Snobs, Snobs in the Country, Snobs in Town, and Snobs everywhere. The account of Major Ponto and Mrs. Ponto is a most amusing picture of some Country Snobs.

In 1846 'Vanity Fair' began to come out in monthly numbers, and Thackeray was now to take rank with Dickens as a great master in fiction. The work is a wonderful mingling of pathos and satire, of grave and gay, and, among the host of characters which fill it, Becky Sharp and Colonel Dobbin stand out as two of the finest creations in the language.

We are told that, after he began to write the novel, he could not think of a suitable name, till at last it flashed upon him as an inspiration in the middle of the night. 'I jumped out of bed,' he says, 'and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, "Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair!"'

'Pendennis' appeared in 1850, and 'Esmond,' the finest of all Thackeray's novels, two years later. The latter is a tale of the time of Queen Anne, a period which Thackeray loved and had studied most carefully. 'Tom

Jones' is scarcely more real and lifelike, and there are touches of beauty in it such as Fielding never rose to. The chapter entitled 'The 29th December,' which describes the return of Henry Esmond to the gentle lady of Castlewood, is like a beautiful poem. 'The Newcomes' came out in 1854, and in Clive Newcome, as in Arthur Pendennis, Thackeray describes his own youthful struggles as an author. The Colonel Newcome of the story is one of his finest creations, and the old man's death in the old Grey Friars is a most pathetic picture.

In 1857 'The Virginians,' which is a continuation of 'Esmond,' appeared, and in 1859 Thackeray undertook the editorship of the new magazine, 'The Cornhill.' His novel, 'Lovel the Widower,' and the 'Adventures of Philip' were written for the magazine, as were also his delightful 'Roundabout Papers.' He resigned the editorship in 1862, and on Christmas Eve of 1863 he died, leaving a new story, 'Denis Duval,' unfinished.

Thackeray will probably never be as widely popular as Dickens, though by a limited class of readers he may be more highly valued. Dickens possessed a teeming fancy which produced new and original characters apparently without an effort, while Thackeray's range was narrower, and his old Indian officers and his young authors and painters reappear under new names again and again. On the other hand, Dickens's characters are often grotesquely unreal, while Thackeray's appear to be careful studies from real life.

To both these great men belongs the glory of enlisting wit and fancy on the side of purity and virtue, and we

see in Thackeray's letters how full his heart was of love and religion.

What we see here of this world is but an expression of God's will, so to speak—a beautiful earth and sky and sea—beautiful affections and sorrows, wonderful changes and developments of creation, suns rising, stars shining, birds singing, clouds and shadows changing and fading, people loving each other, smiling and crying, the multiplied phenomena of Nature, multiplied in fact and fancy, in Art and Science, in every way that a man's intellect or education or imagination can be brought to bear.

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### JOHN RUSKIN

CARLYLE, in his last letter to Emerson (April 1872), says:

Do you read Ruskin's '*Fors Clavigera*,' which he cheerily tells me gets itself reprinted in America? If you don't, *do*, I advise you. There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning-bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of Anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have. Unhappily, he is not a strong man; one might say a weak man rather; and has not the least prudence of management; though, if he can hold out for another fifteen years or so, he may produce, even in this way, a great effect. God grant, say I.

Fifteen years and more have passed, and Ruskin is still with us; but his voice is silent, and we who have gained comfort and inspiration from his writings fear that we may hear at any moment that his life has closed. His latest, and to general readers and admirers his most delightful, writing is the autobiography '*Præterita*,' the first chapter of which has the date June 1885, and the twenty-seventh that of June 1889.

Ruskin was born in 1819, and his father was a wine

merchant living in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square ; but, when the boy was four years old, the family moved to Herne Hill, and the delights of the garden are lovingly remembered, especially its wealth of fruit, which, however, the boy was not allowed to touch. Nor, though his parents loved him dearly, had he any wealth of toys, and a radiant Punch and Judy, which an aunt bought for him, were quietly put away, and he never saw them more.

John was an only child, and his early education was given him by his mother, and the part which in after years he valued above all was a very stringent course of Bible reading.

As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through, to the last verse of the Apocalypse ; hard names, numbers, Levitical law and all ; and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken.

The daily routine of lessons was delightfully broken for two summer months in each year, when his father travelled to see customers, taking his wife and child with him.

At a jog-trot pace, and through the panoramic opening of the four windows of a post-chaise, I saw all the high roads, and most of the cross ones, of England and Wales, and great part of Lowland Scotland as far as Perth, where every other year we spent the whole summer.

For at Perth his father's only sister lived in a house with a pleasant garden sloping down to the Tay, and John found there much enjoyment with his cousins, especially with Jessie, and he records



the impression left on me when I went gleanings with Jessie, that Scottish sheaves are more golden than are bound in other lands, and that no harvests elsewhere visible to human eyes are so like the 'corn of heaven' as those of Strath-Tay and Strath-Earn.

Ruskin has elsewhere described the beauty of the Scottish Lowlands, especially the music of its gliding streams, and in his latest writing he tells us:

It seemed to me that this space of low mountain-ground, with the eternal sublimity of its rocky sea-shores, of its stormy seas and dangerous sands; its strange and mighty crags, Ailsa and the Bass, and its pathless moorlands, haunted by the driving cloud, had been of more import in the true world's history than all the lovely countries of the South, except only Palestine.

A few years later and the whole of the pleasant family at Perth had been removed by death, except one cousin, Mary, who came to live with the Ruskins at Herne Hill. Their summer journeys now took a wider range, and in 1833 they were at Schaffhausen, and from thence Ruskin got his first lovely vision of the Alps.

It was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe; and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue—gazing as at one of our distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent—suddenly—below—beyond.

There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the setting sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round Heaven, the walls of sacred Death.

It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such a temperament as mine. I went down that evening from the garden-terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return

to this day, in every impulse that is nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.

In 1837 Ruskin went to Oxford, and his father fondly hoped he would carry all before him and become in time a bishop. He himself had no such aim; but his progress in Greek was creditable, and he was intensely interested in Thucydides, regarding the subject of his history as 'the central tragedy of the world, the suicide of Greece.'

But in 1840 he had an alarming attack of illness, and was obliged to leave the university and seek rest and change in Italy. The next few years were spent mostly in travel, and in 1843 the first volume of his great work, 'Modern Painters,' was published.

When Ruskin was thirteen years old, his father's partner gave him a copy of Rogers' 'Italy' with Turner's engravings, and the boy's enthusiasm for the great painter was thus kindled. His father, some years later, delighted him with a present of Turner's drawing of 'Richmond Bridge,' and he himself, when he came of age and received an allowance, gave seventy guineas for the drawing of 'Harlech.'

In June 1840 he first met Turner, and made the following entry in his diary:

Introduced to-day to the man who beyond all doubt is the greatest of the age; greatest in every faculty of the imagination, in every branch of scenic knowledge; at once the painter and poet of the day, J. M. W. Turner.

It was in this spirit that 'Modern Painters' was begun, and it was continued with ever widening knowledge and increasing power. The second volume ap-

peared in 1846, the third and fourth in 1856, and the final volume in 1860.

Our concern is with literature, not with art, and we must not linger over these noble volumes. But there is in them very much which is deeply interesting to others than to students of art. There are criticisms of poetry, criticisms of life and religion, and beautiful descriptions of natural objects, of rocks, and clouds, and streams, and flowers.

He thus lovingly describes the mosses :

Meek creatures ! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks ; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the trembling stones to teach them rest. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love token ; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, they are its last gift to us ; when all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time ; but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

In the 'Præterita' we get pretty glimpses of Ruskin working in the Campo Santo of Pisa, in the church of Santa Maria Novella of Florence, and such-like places during these years. Of the latter place he says :

Nobody ever disturbed me in the Ghirlandajo apse. There were no services behind the high altar ; tourists, even the most learned, had never in those days heard Ghirlandajo's name ; the sacristan was paid his daily fee regularly, whether he looked after me or not. The lovely chapel, with its painted windows and companies of old Florentines, was left for me to do what I liked in, all the forenoon ; and I wrote a complete critical and historical account of the frescoes from top to bottom of it, seated mostly astride on the desks. When the chief bustle in the

small sacristy was over, with the chapel masses of the morning, I used to be let in there to draw the Angelico Annunciation, about eleven inches by fourteen, as far as I recollect, then one of the chief gems of Florence. The monks let me sit close to it and work, as long as I liked, and went on with their cup-rinsings and cope-foldings without minding me. If any priest of the higher dignities came in, I was careful always to rise reverently, and get his kind look or bow, or perhaps a stray crumb of benediction.

After 'Modern Painters,' Ruskin's chief works on art are 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' (1848) and 'Stones of Venice' (1851-3). Then, in later years, a number of smaller works appeared, some of which, as 'Aratra Pentelici' (1870), 'The Eagle's Nest' (1872), 'Ariadne Florentina' (1872), and 'Val D'Arno' (1873), were the courses of art lectures delivered before the University of Oxford.

But in these years Ruskin had become an ardent disciple of Carlyle, and in a series of works such as 'Unto this Last' (1860), 'Crown of Wild Olive' (1866), and 'Fors Clavigera' (1871), he continues and develops with passionate energy the teaching of 'Past and Present,' and the 'Latter Day Pamphlets.'

'Unto this Last' is an eloquent denunciation of the current doctrines of political economy, and it has no doubt helped to bring that so-called science into its present discredit.

The 'Crown of Wild Olive' is a series of four lectures on 'Work,' 'Traffic,' 'War,' and 'The Future of England,' and it is preceded by an introduction of singular beauty and power. In it Ruskin divides his rich hearers into two classes: those who honestly believe in the immortality of the soul, and those who honestly

disbelieve it; and to the latter he addresses this touching appeal:

This fate, which you ordain for the wretched, you believe to be all their inheritance; you may crush them, before the moth, and they will never rise to rebuke you; their breath, which fails for lack of food, once expiring, will never be recalled to whisper against you a word of accusing; they and you, as you think, shall lie down together in the dust, and the worms cover you; and for them there shall be no consolation, and on you no vengeance—only the question murmured above your grave: ‘Who shall repay him what he hath done?’ Is it therefore easier for you, in your heart, to inflict the sorrow for which there is no remedy? Will you take, wantonly, this little all of his life from your poor brother, and make his brief hours long to him with pain? Will you be more prompt to the injustice which can never be redressed; and more niggardly of the mercy which you *can* bestow but once, and which, refusing, you refuse for ever?

The ‘Fors Clavigera’ is a series of ‘Letters to the Labourers and Workmen of Great Britain.’ The first letter was published in January 1871, and for some years one appeared each month, until the writer’s illness broke the series, and the eighth volume is the last. The contents of these letters are very varied. There are pleasant bits of autobiography, pleasant chapters from the life of Sir Walter Scott, descriptions of Italian sculpture and scenery, and there is a constant uplifting of the voice against what Ruskin regards as the falseness of modern civilisation.

There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempe; you might have seen the Gods there morning and evening—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the light—walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for Gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get); you thought you could get it by what the ‘Times’ calls ‘Railroad Enterprise.’ You Enterprised a Railroad through the valley, you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gofie,

and the Gods with it ; and now every fool in Buxton can beat Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton ; which you think a lucrative process of exchange—you Fools Everywhere.

In place of such a false state of society Ruskin cherished his own ideal, and by founding a St. George's Society he made some little progress in actually realising it.

We will try (he says) to take some small piece of English ground, beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads ; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it ; none wretched, but the sick ; none idle, but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it ; but instant obedience to known law, and appointed persons : no equality upon it ; but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness.

When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles in the risk of our lives ; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts or boats ; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields, and few bricks.

We will have some music and poetry ; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it ; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may, also. We will have some art, moreover ; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. The Greeks used to paint pictures of gods on their pots ; we probably cannot do as much, but we may put some pictures of insects on them, and reptiles ; butterflies and frogs, if nothing better. There was an excellent old potter in France who used to put frogs and vipers into his dishes, to the admiration of mankind ; we can surely put something nicer than that.

We must now hasten to a close, and can only mention 'Sesame and Lilies' (1865), one of the most delightful of Ruskin's works, treating of the influence of good books and good women ; 'Ethics of the Dust' (1865), a beautiful and playful work on precious stones ; and 'Love's Meinie' (1873), 'Proserpina' (1875), and 'Deucalion' (1875), which are respectively most charming chapters on birds, flowers, and rocks.

Since 1872 Ruskin has lived at Brantwood, on the shores of Coniston Water, in the beautiful Wordsworth country. His house is kept for him by his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Severn, who is described in the final chapter of 'Præterita,' 'Joanna's Care.'

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### TENNYSON AND BROWNING

THE present age has been so happy as to possess two poets who have worthily continued if they have not excelled the poetic glory of the early part of the century—Tennyson, with the simplicity and freshness of Wordsworth combined with a music and splendour which Wordsworth seldom reached; and Browning, with the passion and magical command of language of Shelley combined with the deep wisdom which Shelley did not live to attain.

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809, in the rectory of Somersby, a village buried among the Lincolnshire Wolds. He was the youngest of three brothers, and they all loved poetry and began early to write verses. Thomson was at first Alfred's favourite poet, and then Byron; and when news came, in 1824, of the great poet's death, Tennyson thought 'the whole world was at end,' and he wandered out disconsolately and carved 'Byron is dead' upon the sand-hills.

Like his brothers, he was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and, after his father's death, he returned to Somersby to live with his mother and sisters, and to write poems instead of seeking promotion in ordinary ways.

In this retreat he was visited from time to time by college friends who loved him, and especially by his dearest friend of all, Arthur Hallam, the son of the historian.

In 1833 this dear friend died suddenly while travelling with his father in Austria, and Tennyson's deep sorrow found expression at last in the greatest of his poems, 'In Memoriam.'

The earliest volume of Tennyson's poems was published in 1830, then a second in 1833, and in 1842 they were republished with additions and alterations. The collection includes such well-known favourites as the 'May Queen' and 'Locksley Hall,' and such beautiful pictures of antiquity as 'Enone' and 'Ulysses.'

In 1844 Carlyle, in writing to Emerson, says :

Alfred Tennyson is one of the few British or foreign figures who are, and remain, beautiful to me;—a true human soul to whom your own soul can say, 'Brother !'

One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musically metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous: I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe.

Carlyle also describes Tennyson as 'a man solitary and sad, dwelling in an element of gloom, and carrying a bit of chaos about him,' and the poem 'The Two Voices' seems to be a picture of his condition at this time.

In 1847 'The Princess' appeared, a beautiful mock heroic poem in blank verse. It is a story in seven chapters of a princess who founded a university for women, and of a prince and his companions who by



subtlety gained admission to it. There is much in the poem which is only sportive fancy, but there is also much which appears to express Tennyson's deepest convictions as to the relations of the sexes. Especially beautiful is the passage in the seventh chapter beginning,

For woman is not undevelop't man,  
But diverse.

There are scattered through the poem little gems of song such as

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean ;

and the passionate lyric beginning,

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums.

In 1850 'In Memoriam' was published without the author's name ; but no name was needed ; and the pathos, the wisdom, and the noble simplicity of the poem found instant recognition. 'Lycidas' and 'Adonais' are the only English poems with which we can compare it, and Tennyson's is a more splendid memorial of friendship than either Shelley's or Milton's.

'In Memoriam' consists of more than a hundred short poems, all written in the same simple metre, and each one striking a new chord of grief. Sometimes it is a picture of the happy days of friendship that have fled, sometimes a description of the desolation in which he now finds himself, and often it is a passionate yearning after the life to come, and an eager questioning of philosophy and religion concerning the aspirations and hopes of man.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As examples of these various moods of grief may be mentioned the poems numbered 89, 6, 33, and 54.

On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson was appointed 'Poet Laureate' with the hearty approval of all men.

In 1855 he published 'Maud,' but it added little to his fame, though it has some magnificent passages. In 1859 the 'Idylls of the King' appeared—the longest and perhaps the finest of all his works.

The story of Arthur, which had captivated Spenser and tempted Milton and Dryden, had haunted Tennyson for many years, and among his early poems there is a first essay, the 'Mort d'Arthur.' He now selected some of the most interesting of the old legends, 'Geraint and Enid,' 'Merlin and Vivien,' 'Lancelot and Elaine,' and 'Guinivere,' and set them to the music of his own noble language. Nothing can well be finer in execution than the description of the last parting between the king and the guilty queen in the last of these poems.

Since the 'Idylls' Tennyson has written several fine poems, among which may be specially mentioned the beautiful story of 'Enoch Arden' (1864), and the short but exquisite poem, 'Lucretius' (1868).

He has also written several dramas, such as 'Harold' and 'Queen Mary,' but they are not equal in merit to his descriptive and lyrical works.

The question would be hard to determine whether Tennyson or Browning is the greater poet. The former will almost certainly be more widely popular; for, with the exception of a few stanzas, all which he has written is as intelligible as it is beautiful, while much of Browning's work is dark in meaning. The admirers of the latter poet will however maintain that he has a greater

creative power, a wider range of faculties, and that he has given us a greater wealth of new ideas.

Robert Browning was born in Camberwell in 1812, and is the last of a long line of poets who were Londoners. His father was a well-to-do banker's clerk, and was, besides, a scholar, poet, and artist. In 'Aso-lando,' Browning's latest work, he recalls the wise way in which, when he was a child of five, his father began to give him a love for Homer.

He began to write poems from an early age, and at twelve had enough to fill a small volume. At thirteen he secured a copy of Shelley's works, which were then almost unknown, and he was kindled with a new enthusiasm, and felt that all which he had written hitherto was worthless.

In 'Pauline,' the earliest of his published poems, there is a beautiful tribute to Shelley :

Sun-treader, life and light be thine for ever !  
Thou art gone from us ; years go by, and spring  
Gladdens, and the young earth is beautiful,  
Yet thy songs come not ; other bards arise,  
But none like thee.  
But thou art still for me who have adored  
Tho' single, panting but to hear thy name,  
Which I believed a spell to me alone,  
Scarce deeming thou wast as a star to men.

'Pauline' was published in 1833, and attracted little attention, though here and there a good judge recognised that a new poet of rare though immature genius had arisen.

Browning then went for a year into Italy, and on his return wrote 'Paracelsus,' which was published in

1835. It is a kind of drama in five parts. In the first, Paracelsus, who is young, ardent, and thirsting for knowledge, is parting from his dearly loved friends, Festus and Michal. They seek to restrain him from venturing into the wide unknown world, but he resists their fond entreaties.

I go to prove my soul;  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive; what time, what circuit first,  
I ask not: but unless God send His hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,  
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:  
He guides me and the bird in His good time!

In the last part Paracelsus is an old man lying at the point of death. He has seen much, has sinned and suffered. Men have regarded his discoveries as witchcraft or trickery, and he feels that his name will be held in scorn. But all will be clear at last, and in that hope he dies:

If I stoop  
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud  
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,  
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

'Paracelsus' is, like several of Browning's greatest works, the history of a soul, the subtle analysis of the influence which adverse surroundings have upon an earnest but imperfect nature, marring and staining it, and yet calling forth its utmost strength in the struggle for victory.

'Paracelsus' was enthusiastically welcomed by a few finer spirits, and among others by the great actor Macready, for whom Browning in the following year wrote the play of 'Strafford.' Half a dozen years later the

beautiful play of 'The Blot on the 'Scutcheon' was brought out by the same great actor, and Charles Dickens was in raptures over it, and declared it to be the greatest work of the century.

Browning's next work after 'Strafford' was 'Sordello,' which is again the history of a soul; but it was and is the most abstruse of all the poet's works. Amusing stories are told of the bewilderment of readers. Tennyson said, 'There were only two lines in it that I understood, and they were both lies; they were the opening and closing lines, *Who will may hear Sordello's story told*, and *Who would has heard Sordello's story told*.' Carlyle also bore witness, 'My wife has read through "Sordello" without being able to make out whether Sordello was a man, or a city, or a book.'

In 1841 appeared the beautiful poem or drama, 'Pippa Passes,' which at once gained public favour. Browning in these years spent much of his time in the woods of Dulwich, wandering there in the early morning or late at night, and there he beheld the marvellous sunrise with which the poem opens:

Day!  
Faster and more fast,  
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:  
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim  
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,  
For not a froth-flake touched the rim  
Of yonder gap in the solid gray  
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;  
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,  
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,  
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast  
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

'Pippa Passes' was the first of a series of eight little volumes or pamphlets of poetry, which came out at intervals between 1841 and 1846 under the pretty title of 'Bells and Pomegranates.' Several of the numbers were dramas, 'King Victor and King Charles,' 'The Return of the Druses,' 'Colombe's Birthday,' and 'Luria,' and among the smaller poems were 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin,' 'How they brought the Good News,' 'The Lost Leader,' 'The Tomb at St. Praxed's,' 'The Boy and the Angel,' and 'Saul,' which are all very beautiful.

In 1846, after the eighth number of 'Bells and Pomegranates' was published, Browning was married to Miss Elizabeth Barrett, who was herself a writer of fine genius, and the poet and poetess left England and made Italy their home. They lived first at Pisa, then at Florence, and, except for one or two short visits to France and London, there they remained till Mrs. Browning's death in 1861.

Her chief work during this Italian sojourn was the beautiful poem, 'Aurora Leigh,' which placed her above all English poetesses. Her husband's work during the same period was the poem, 'Easter Eve and Christmas Day,' and two other volumes of shorter poems entitled 'Men and Women.'

The closing poem of this series is entitled 'One Word More,' and is addressed to E. B. B.

There they are, my fifty men and women  
Naming me the fifty poems finished !  
Take them, Love, the book and me together ;  
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

Then he goes on to tell how Raphael wrote a little

volume of sonnets, and Dante painted a picture of an angel, not for the world, but for the one soul whom he loved, and he regrets that he cannot imitate them.

I shall never, in the years remaining,  
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,  
Make you music that should all-express me ;  
So it seems : I stand on my attainment.  
This of verse alone, one life allows me ;  
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.  
Other heights in other lives, God willing :  
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love !

After his wife's death Browning's chief work was 'The Ring and the Book,' his masterpiece. He bought in Florence, in 1865, the little vellum-covered volume, two hundred years old, which contained the story of the trial of Count Guido Franceschini for the murder of his wife and her foster parents. The story fascinated him ; he brooded over it, and it grew up in his mind into the wonderful creation which is unfolded in the twelve books of the poem.

The incident itself is vulgar enough, though piteous and horrible ; but Browning shows his wonderful power of mental analysis in depicting the murder and the causes which led up to it, as they appeared to one portion of the public and then to another. The chief actors themselves give their presentment of the story : Count Guido ; his child-wife Pompilia, whose life is flickering to an end ; the Canon Caponsacchi, who attempted to rescue her ; and the aged Pope Innocent XIII., on whose final judgment Guido's fate hangs.

The most beautiful of the books is the one entitled 'Pompilia,' in which the poor child-wife tells her story

to the pitying bystanders, how she was married, without giving consent, by her fond scheming mother to Count Guido, how he drove her friends from her and ill-treated her, how she escaped from him and enjoyed a little time of sweet rest with her baby and her parents, until her husband with his confederates burst in upon them and did their murderous work.

Of her husband she says :

We shall not meet in this world nor the next,  
But where will God be absent? In His face  
Is light, but in His shadow healing too :  
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed !  
And as my presence was importunate—  
My earthly good, temptation and a snare—  
Nothing about me but drew somehow down  
His hate upon me—somewhat so excused.  
Therefore, since hate was thus the truth of him,  
May my evanishment for evermore  
Help further to relieve the heart that cast  
Such object of its natural loathing forth !  
So he was made ; he nowise made himself :  
I could not love him, but his mother did.

And of her baby who is safe, and whom she will never see again, she says :

So is detached, so left all by itself,  
The little life, the fact which means so much.  
Shall not God stoop the kindlier to His work,  
His marvel of creation, foot would crush,  
Now that the hand He trusted to receive  
And hold it, lets the treasure fall perforce ?  
The better ; He shall have in orphanage  
His own way all the clearer ; if my babe  
Outlived the hour—and he has lived two weeks—  
It is through God, who knows I am not by.  
Who is it makes the soft gold hair turn black,  
And sets the tongue, might lie so long at rest,



Trying to talk? Let us leave God alone!  
Why should I doubt He will explain in time  
What I feel now, but fail to find the words?  
My babe nor was, nor is, nor yet shall be  
Count Guido Franceschini's child at all—  
Only his mother's, born of love, not hate!

Since 'The Ring and the Book' Browning has written many works, but none so great. In 'Balaustion's Adventure' (1871), 'Aristophanes' Apology' (1875), and 'The Agamemnon of Æschylus' (1877) he has caught the spirit and beauty of Greek tragedy. 'Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau' (1871) is a picture of Napoleon III., and the complex problems of life which beset him. 'Fifine at the Fair' (1872) is regarded by many of the poet's admirers as one of his very greatest works. Even an ordinary reader will catch in its perusal glimpses of great beauty; but the poem as a whole, though not so obscure as 'Sordello,' remains an enigma.

Browning died in December 1889, a day or two after the publication of 'Asolando,' his last book of poems. There are in the little volume many true-hearted songs, and the epilogue is especially noble and pathetic.

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## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

WE have passed in review the great names which have made this century famous, but others remain which may not be omitted. The writers of the past centuries—all except a few of the greatest—have ceased to be generally interesting; but it is different with those of the age in

which we live. They are interesting to us, though they may not be so to our grandchildren. Besides, the final judgment of posterity is sometimes very different from that of contemporaries, and it may be that some who re now counted greatest may finally change places with those who are in the second rank.

The famous 'Edinburgh Review' was started in 1802 by three young men of great energy and talent, Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham. The first of these gives a witty account of the origin of the 'Review.'

One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the 'Edinburgh Review.' The motto I proposed for the 'Review' was *Tenui musam meditamur avena* ('We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal'). But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal.

The 'Review' soon became a great power in the country on account of the brilliancy of its articles, and its boldness in attacking abuses in government and in the administration of the law. Sir Walter Scott was a contributor for a few years, but the politics of the 'Review' were distasteful to him, and he ceased to write in it about 1808.

The tone of the 'Review' towards young authors was often one of merciless severity. Brougham is thought to have been the writer of the insulting review of Byron's 'Hours of Idleness,' which called forth the indignant re-

joinder, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' Jeffrey became editor in 1803, and continued in that post till 1829, and to him more than to any other the great and well-merited success of the 'Review' was owing. There is an interesting account of him in Carlyle's 'Reminiscences.' He was a man of fine gifts and culture, a kind of 'Scotch Voltaire'; but he was deficient in imagination, and failed to recognise the beauty and power of Wordsworth's poetry, or of the strange, new ideas of Carlyle.

The 'Quarterly Review' was started in 1808 as a Tory organ in opposition to the Whig 'Edinburgh.' Sir Walter Scott and Southey were two of its most constant contributors. The editor was William Gifford, who was well known as an editor of the old dramatists, and Byron had the highest respect for his critical skill and judgment.

Southey says of Gifford, 'He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures except authors; them he regarded as a fishmonger regards eels, or as Isaac Walton did slugs, worms, and frogs.'

The 'Quarterly' was no less severe than the 'Edinburgh,' and its pitiless criticism of Keats' poems called forth the indignant 'Adonais' of Shelley.

The witty **Tom Moore**, the friend and biographer of Byron, was born in Dublin in 1779. He began to write verses when he was fourteen, and in 1800 he published a translation of the 'Odes of Anacreon.' He then obtained a post in Bermuda, and paid a visit also to Canada, of which the 'Canadian Boat Song' is a melodious memorial. He soon returned to England and published

two volumes of 'Odes and Epistles,' which were severely reviewed by Jeffrey in the 'Edinburgh.' The poet challenged the reviewer, and they met at Chalk Farm; but the police interrupted the duel, and the affair created much merriment.

In 1810 he gained the friendship of Byron, and never lost it. A few years later Byron said of him:

Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice—all his own; and an expression in each, which never was nor will be possessed by another. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted.

In 1812 Moore wrote a collection of satirical political poems under the title of 'The Twopenny Postbag,' and fourteen editions were issued in the year. In 1813–14 he published his 'Irish Melodies,' many of which are very beautiful, though the beauty is somewhat artificial and affected.

Hazlitt said Moore 'converted the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box'; but this is too spiteful a judgment.

In 1817 he wrote the oriental romance, 'Lalla Rookh,' which was immensely popular in England, and we are told it delighted the Persians themselves.

In 1825 he wrote the 'Life of Sheridan,' and in 1830 the 'Life of Byron.'

He died in 1852.

**Samuel Rogers** was another of the trusted friends of Byron. He was born in 1763 and lived till 1855. His chief poems were: 'Ode to Superstition,' 1786; 'Pleasures of Memory,' 1793; 'Human Life,' 1819; and

'Italy,' 1823. His poems were splendidly illustrated with drawings by Turner and Stothard at a cost of 15,000*l.*, and these beautiful volumes were the means by which Ruskin's love for art was first kindled.

Rogers's poems are filled with a tranquil beauty, and they are the works of a man of fine taste and culture. His treatment of Italian legends is especially beautiful, and 'Ginevra,' 'The Foſcari,' and 'The Brides of Venice' may be mentioned as instances of this.

Byron, in speaking of Rogers, says:

On all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is as pure as his poetry. If you enter his house--his drawing-room, his library--you of yourself say, This is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book, thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor.

Charles Lamb, the gentle and genial author of 'Elia,' was born in 1775. His father occupied a humble post in the Inner Temple, and one of the most delightful of the 'Essays of Elia' is filled with old memories of that place:

I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river--I had almost said--for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places? These are of my oldest recollections.

He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where Coleridge was his schoolfellow, and there the friendship began which ended only with their lives. In 1792 he obtained a post in the service of the East India Company, and the first of his pleasant essays is on the old 'South Sea House,' where he was a clerk for many a year:

The clerks were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Humourists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay monastery.

Lamb himself remained a bachelor for life that he might watch over his sister Mary, who was subject to fits of madness, and who unhappily killed her mother during one of these attacks.

His first publication was in 1797, when a volume of poems was issued, the joint production of Coleridge, Lamb, and Lloyd. 'Rosamund Gray' appeared the next year, and the play of 'John Woodvil' in 1802; but none of these were works of great merit. In 1807 the pleasant 'Tales from Shakspeare' appeared, the joint work of Lamb and his sister, and in the following year he published 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets,' and in this work he displayed great power and delicacy as a critic and interpreter.

But his choicest work, his one work that will not die, is the 'Essays of Elia,' published in 1823, and filled with quaint and delicate humour worthy of Addison or Goldsmith. All the chapters are delightful; some have been already quoted; others specially beautiful are 'Oxford in the Vacation,' 'Poor Relations,' and 'Dream Children.'

Lamb died in 1835, and his sister outlived him twelve years.

Leigh Hunt was born in 1784, and when he was more than sixty years old he wrote his 'Autobiography,' a collection of delightful reminiscences of bygone men and times. He, like Coleridge and Lamb, was a scholar at Christ's Hospital, and came a few years after them, while the memory of them was still fresh there.

After leaving school, Hunt wrote a volume of verses, which his father published in 1802. Then he began to write sketches in newspapers and came in contact with shoals of poor authors.

One of them, poor fellow! might have cut a figure in Smollett. He was a proper ideal author, in rusty black, out at elbows, thin and pale. He brought me an ode about an eagle, for which the publisher of a magazine, he said, had had 'the inhumanity' to offer him half-a-crown. His necessity for money he did not deny; but his great anxiety was to know whether, as a poetical composition, his ode was not worth more. 'Is that *poetry*, sir?' cried he; 'that's what I want to know—is that *poetry*?' rising from his chair, and staring and trembling in all the agony of contested excellence.

In 1808 he with his brother John established a weekly paper called the 'Examiner,' and in it he made, a few years later, a sharp attack upon the Prince Regent, whom he called 'a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, and a companion of gamblers,' and for this libel the brothers were sentenced to two years' imprisonment in separate gaols.

Leigh Hunt's prison was the old Horsemonger Lane Gaol, and he passed his time not uncomfortably.

I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up with their busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a

handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise, on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a gaol, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale.

He came out of prison in 1815, and in succeeding chapters of the 'Autobiography' we have pleasant accounts of intercourse with Byron and Shelley, with Keats and Wordsworth, and in later times with Carlyle. The following is a striking little picture which he gives of Wordsworth's eyes:

I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires, half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixity of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes.

While in prison Leigh Hunt wrote the 'Story of Rimini,' a graceful Italian tale in verse, and he also wrote two other small volumes of poems. During his long lifetime he established several periodicals, and wrote several little works filled with his pleasant vein of fancy and imagination. The best of these are 'The Town,' 'Men, Women, and Books,' 'A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla,' and, above all, the book of his old age, the 'Autobiography.'

For some years he was a near neighbour and an intimate friend of the Carlyles at Chelsea, and there are interesting references to him in Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' and in Mrs. Carlyle's 'Letters.' He died in 1859.

**John Keats**, the poet whose sad fate Shelley mourned for in the 'Adonais,' was born in 1795. He was educated at a school at Enfield, and learnt no



Greek there, though in later years he became so passionately fond of Greek legends, and reproduced them in his poems with rare truth and beauty. He is described as being a youth 'of much beauty of feature : his eyes were large and sensitive, flashing with strong emotion or suffused with tender sympathies.' Like other young poets, he was enthusiastically fond of Spenser. 'He ramped through the scenes of the romance like a young horse turned into a spring meadow ; he could talk of nothing else : his countenance would light up at each rich expression, and his strong frame would tremble with emotion as he read.'

His delight in Chapman's Homer was equally great, and he would 'read it all night long, with intense delight, even shouting aloud when some especial passage struck his imagination.' His sonnet 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer' is very beautiful.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
Round many western islands have I been,  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold ;  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

After leaving school Keats was apprenticed to a surgeon ; but he soon resolved to make poetry instead of

medicine the business of his life. Leigh Hunt was one of his friends and advisers, and the reviewers contemptuously classed them together as the founders of a new style—‘the Cockney School of poetry.’

In 1818 he published ‘*Endymion*,’ of which the opening lines are so beautiful:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

The legend which follows shows much vagueness and immaturity of taste and judgment; but there are passages of great beauty, and the poem as a whole is far from deserving the scurrilous severity of the ‘*Quarterly Review*.’

Two years later another volume of poems was published, containing among others the ‘*Eve of St. Agnes*,’ ‘*Lamia*,’ and ‘*Hyperion*.’ They all showed an increase in poetic genius, and they were criticised with kindly appreciation by Jeffrey in the ‘*Edinburgh*.’ Lord Byron said of the fragment ‘*Hyperion*’ that it ‘seemed actually inspired by the Titans and as sublime as *Æschylus*.’

Meanwhile the young poet was dying of consumption. Shelley begged him to come to Pisa, and in September 1820 he sailed for Italy. He went first to Naples, and then to Rome, and died there in the following February, his friend Severn, the artist, watching tenderly over him to the last. His burial-place in the Protestant cemetery at Rome was lovingly described by Shelley, and over the

grave the line is inscribed which the poet himself directed: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'

**Thomas Babington Macaulay**, the brilliant essayist and historian, was born in 1800. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was a man of energy and enterprise, had been governor of Sierra Leone, was greatly interested in negro emancipation, and was an intimate friend and fellow-worker with Wilberforce.

The early years of the boy were spent in the heart of the City, then at Clapham, then at a private school, and in 1818 he entered the University of Cambridge. In the Union Debating Society he was one of the most brilliant orators; but he did not love mathematics, and his name did not appear in the Tripos lists.

With other talented young men of the university he began to write in Charles Knight's 'Quarterly Magazine,' and in 1825 he won a splendid and instant reputation by his article on Milton in the 'Edinburgh.' Five years later he was enabled, through the help of Lord Lansdowne, to enter Parliament, and his speech in favour of parliamentary reform won warm praise even from opponents. 'Portions of the speech,' said Sir Robert Peel, 'were as beautiful as anything I have ever heard or read. It reminded one of the old times.'

In 1833 he was elected a member of the Supreme Council of India, and he spent the next four or five years in that far-off land. His labours there were great and beneficent, especially in connection with education and the administration of the law, and he gained the experience

which lends so rich a colour to the articles on Clive and Warren Hastings.

In 1838 he was home again, and paid a visit to Italy, and shortly afterwards wrote his beautiful and stirring 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' His series of articles in the 'Edinburgh' had never been quite interrupted, even when he was in India, and in 1839 he wrote his review of Mr. Gladstone's book on 'The State in its relations with the Church.' But he was meditating his own 'History of England,' and hoped 'to produce something which should for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.' His hopes were more than realised, and the instant popularity of the first two volumes delighted himself and his friends and his publishers. The constant succession of striking pictures, the lucid and vigorous language, and the never-ceasing flow of illustrations appeal to even the meanest intellects, and the History will long continue to be one of the most popular of books.

Yet it is not one of the greatest, not one of those to which we return again and again, allured by new and inspiring ideas, or the charm of a noble style. Compared with Carlyle's exquisite pictures of men and things, so magical, so truthful, Macaulay's are often commonplace and superficial, and the music of some of his finest passages has a hard and metallic ring. Yet it is honest, genuine work, based on the widest knowledge of books and men, and on the most untiring research.

Macaulay died in December 1859, and Thackeray lovingly commemorates him in one of the 'Roundabout Papers.'

John Henry Newman was born in 1801, and in his 'Apologia' he gives occasionally interesting glimpses of his early life :

I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible ; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true ; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.

In later years we find this childish fancy still lingering, but in a nobler form. In his sermon on ' St. Michael and All Angels ' he says :

Whenever we look abroad we are reminded of those most gracious and holy Beings, the servants of the Holiest, who deign to minister to the heirs of salvation. Every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven. Suppose an inquirer, when examining a flower or a herb, or a pebble, or a ray of light, which he treats as something so beneath him in the scale of existence, suddenly discovered that he was in the presence of some powerful being who was hidden behind the visible things he was inspecting, who, though concealing his wise hand, was giving them their beauty, grace, and perfection, as being God's instrument for the purpose, nay, whose robe and instruments those wondrous objects were which he was so eager to analyse, what would be his thoughts ?

In due course Newman went to Oxford, was a student at Trinity, and afterwards a fellow at Oriel, and became, with Keble and Pusey, the soul of the great revival known as the ' Oxford Movement.' In 1828 he became vicar of St. Mary's, the university church, and many are the testimonies to the thrilling effect of his sermons there. Matthew Arnold says :

Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition gliding, in the dim afternoon light, through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the

pulpit, and then, in the **most** entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, subtle, sweet, mournful?

I seem to hear him still saying, 'After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggles and succeeding: after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'

In 1833 the series of the famous 'Tracts for the Times' was begun, and Newman was the editor. The series closed in 1841 with 'Tract XC.,' of which Newman was the writer, and which raised so great a storm of opposition that in 1843 he resigned the living of St. Mary's, and in 1845 he joined the Church of Rome. A few years later he wrote the extremely interesting story, 'Loss and Gain,' the hero of which, Charles Reding, has a life experience similar in many points to that of the author.

Nearly twenty years later, Charles Kingsley rashly charged Dr. Newman with insincerity, and the charge drew from him the splendid vindication, the 'Apologia pro vita sua,' which is a beautiful delineation of the history of a soul. The present pope, soon after his accession, created Dr. Newman a Cardinal, and Englishmen of all creeds were proud of the honour conferred on one of the most gifted of their countrymen.

The list of Cardinal Newman's works is a long one, comprising more than thirty volumes, and they all display great beauty of language and subtlety and power of argument; but the volumes we turn to with greatest pleasure, are those which contain his parochial sermons preached while he was still within the fold of the Anglican Church,

John Stuart Mill was born in 1806, and he has left us a marvellous account of his early education. He did not remember when he began to learn Greek, but before he was eight he had read the whole of Herodotus and parts of Plato and Xenophon. His teacher was his father, James Mill, a man of great force of character, who wrote a very able history of India, and works on philosophy and political economy.

The father was a sceptic, what we now call an Agnostic, and the son tells us :

I was one who had not thrown off religious belief, but never had it; I grew up in a negative state with regard to it. I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me.

The boy became acquainted with his father's philosophical friends, and among others with David Ricardo, the political economist, and Jeremy Bentham, the father of the Utilitarian system of philosophy, and in 1822 he founded, with Charles Austin, George Grote, and other like-minded young men, the Utilitarian Society for the discussion of Bentham's views.

James Mill held the office of Examiner in the East India House, and in 1823 his son was appointed under him and remained in that service for many years. In the same year the 'Westminster Review' was started by Bentham as a Radical organ of opinion in opposition to the Tory 'Quarterly' and the Whig 'Edinburgh,' and the Mills, both father and son, were frequent contributors.

For some years the young Mill continued ardent, eager, hopeful, full of enthusiasm for the good of mankind. Then, at the age of twenty, a cloud fell upon him,

and all his ideals seemed unsatisfying. Coleridge's lines, he tells us, exactly described his state:

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet or relief  
In word, or sigh, or tear.

At length he found relief in the sweetness and healing influence of Wordsworth's minor poems:

What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings which I was in quest of.

When Carlyle settled in London, he found Mill was one of his ardent admirers, and, though in later years they stood far apart, Mill still thought of him with justice and good feeling.

I did not deem myself a competent judge of Carlyle. I felt that he was a man of intuition, which I was not; and that, as such, he not only saw many things long before me, which I could only, when they were pointed out to me, hobble after and prove, but that it was highly probable he could see many things which were not visible to me even after they were pointed out.

In 1843 Mill published his greatest work, the 'System of Logic,' a work far in advance of any previous work on the subject, in luminous method, in fulness of illustration, and in adaptation to the latest advances in scientific discovery.

Five years later he published his 'Principles of Political Economy,' which is in many respects an excellent work, but some of its fundamental principles have been rudely shaken by Ruskin and others.



In 1859 he published a little book on 'Liberty,' which he rated as the best of all his works, and two years later there appeared a work on 'Representative Government.'

Mill died in 1873, and the 'Autobiography' and 'Three Essays on Religion' appeared after his death.

Charles Darwin is placed by his admirers on as high a pinnacle as Newton, and for somewhat similar reasons. The 'Law of Gravitation' was a master idea which many minds had been feeling after, and which harmonised a host of isolated truths, and supplied a firm basis on which to build a vast structure of astronomical science. So, too, in the world of natural history, the accumulation of facts and observations was enormous, and men were seeking after some law or master idea which should bind all the countless facts together in due order and connection. Darwin's law of 'Natural Selection,' or, as it is now more aptly called, 'Survival of the Fittest,' supplied the clue that was needed, and the most eminent naturalists, both in England and abroad, have accepted and welcomed it.

Darwin was born at Shrewsbury in 1809, and was a pupil in the Grammar School there. At the age of sixteen he went to Edinburgh University, and two years later to Cambridge, where he greatly enjoyed the teaching of Henslow the botanist.

Then, in 1831, he accepted an offer to accompany, as naturalist without pay, H.M.S. *Beagle* in a voyage round the world. He tells us that the voyage was the most important event of his life and determined his whole career. It lasted for five years, and they visited South

America, Australia and New Zealand, and many of the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific. After his return he wrote his 'Journal of Researches,' and it is a wonderful record of patient and sagacious observation.

He then married and settled at Down House, near Orpington in Kent, where he spent the rest of his days, among his plants and birds, maturing his observations and meditating the great ideas which they gave birth to. It is remarkable that his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, an eminent botanist of the last century, disbelieved the orthodox notion that all species of plants and animals had been distinct from the beginning. Buffon in France and Goethe in Germany believed that species were not immutable, that the endless varieties had been derived from one or more types, and that they were still slowly but constantly changing.

To Goethe and Buffon this truth remained only as a belief, but Darwin fortified it with so complete an array of observed facts that it seemed to gain the surety of a law.

In 1859 his great work 'On the Origin of Species' was published, and even those who would not accept the author's conclusions could not but admire his luminous method, and the ease with which he marshalled his countless array of facts. Lapse of time has confirmed his conclusions, has turned opponents into advocates, and has proved the 'Origin of Species' to be an epoch-making book.

In 1871 'The Descent of Man' was published, which to old-fashioned people was a more startling book than the 'Origin of Species.' Darwin wrote various other

works on interesting points in natural history and geology, and his last, on the 'Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms,' is an admirable example of his patience and skill and sagacity as an observer.

In April 1882 he died, and his 'Life and Letters,' since published by his son, give a beautiful picture of a gentle-natured seeker after truth.

George Eliot did for the Midland Counties of England what Scott did for the Lowlands of Scotland, though with a lower degree of power and beauty. 'Silas Marner' and 'Adam Bede,' in their truth to nature, are akin to 'The Heart of Midlothian'; but Scott possessed a range and richness of fancy to which George Eliot could not rise.

The authoress, Mary Ann Evans, was born in Warwickshire in 1820. Her father was a land agent who had once been a carpenter, and his simple but noble nature is reproduced in 'Adam Bede.' 'Dinah Morris' is said to be a portrait of Elizabeth Evans, an aunt of the authoress, who is herself portrayed in 'Maggie Tulliver.'

Her first publication was a translation of Strauss' 'Life of Jesus' in 1846, and a few years later she became sub-editor of the 'Westminster Review.' In 1857 her first work of fiction, 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' appeared, then 'Adam Bede' in 1859, and 'The Mill on the Floss' in 1860. Her first publication had been anonymous, and she now adopted and retained the *nom de plume* of 'George Eliot.' Other novels followed, and one of the best of them, 'Romola,' was published in the

'Cornhill Magazine.' 'Daniel Deronda,' which was one of her latest stories, has some beautiful studies of Jewish character, but it lacks the charm of her earlier and simpler stories.

George Eliot was a poetess as well as novelist. She wrote the 'Spanish Gypsy,' the 'Legend of Jubal,' and a few shorter poems. In these she shows something of Wordsworth, his high and noble purpose, but little of the charm of his imagination. One of the best of the shorter poems is the noble one beginning,

O may I join the choir invisible.

George Eliot died in December 1880.

**Matthew Arnold**, the brilliant critic from whom we have so often quoted, was born in 1822. His father was the well-known Dr. Arnold, and he was appointed Head Master of Rugby School when Matthew was six years old. For summer holidays Dr. Arnold took a pleasant house at Fox Howe in Westmoreland, and enjoyed there the friendship of Wordsworth.

Matthew went in due course to Oxford at the time when Newman's influence was at its highest, and his eloquent description of that great man has been already quoted. His love for Oxford never faded, and in one of his prefaces he apostrophises the university in language of extreme tenderness and beauty.

In 1849 Arnold published anonymously 'The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems,' and in 1852 another volume, 'Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems.' These volumes were re-issued with additions in 1853, in 1855, and in 1867, and in 1858 he published a tragedy, 'Merope.' Many of the poems are exquisitely beautiful,

though they do not move us like Tennyson or Browning. Some of them, such as 'The Strayed Reveller,' have caught the spirit of Greek poetry, but we miss the yearning passion of Tennyson's 'Ænone.' The poems, 'The Forsaken Merman,' 'Heine's Grave,' and 'Rugby Chapel,' are some of the best.

But many who do not care for Arnold's poetry greatly enjoy his prose with its sparkling wit and delicate irony. The volume of 'Essays on Criticism' (1865) is a charming work. The essay on Heine in its delicate insight is equal to some of Carlyle's best critical work.

In 1871 he published a whimsical book, 'Friendship's Garland,' sparkling with wit, and humorously attacking British Philistinism, especially as exemplified in G. A. Sala and the 'Daily Telegraph.' Two years earlier he had written 'Culture and Anarchy,' in which he preached his favourite doctrine of 'Sweetness and light.'

The popular religion of England, the unreasoning reliance upon the mere letter of the Scripture, has been handled somewhat freely and severely by him in a series of books, 'St. Paul and Protestantism,' 'Literature and Dogma,' and 'God and the Bible.' Arnold shows a fine and true perception of the spiritual excellence of the Old and New Testaments, but the final effect of his criticisms is unsatisfying.

Arnold wrote numerous articles in magazines on current questions in politics, especially in regard to Ireland, and he had a deep-rooted distrust of Mr. Gladstone's proposed remedies.

Matthew Arnold died in April 1888.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE ties which bind us to our kindred beyond the Atlantic are every year growing stronger ; American poems and stories are almost as familiar to us as those of our own land ; and it seems desirable that we should notice a few of the writers who during this century have added new glory to America.

**Washington Irving** is the first of these, and one of the best—a delightful writer whose style has the charm of Addison and Goldsmith. He was born in 1783 in New York, near the ‘Old Dutch Church,’ and in ‘Knickerbocker’s History of New York’ his fancy plays round the quaint customs of that famous town when it was yet an infant.

In 1804 he visited Europe and spent two years in travelling through its chief countries. In 1807 he published his first book, ‘Salmagundi,’ an amusing collection of satirical sketches, and two years later the ‘History of New York’ appeared. The introductory chapter, in which Irving sketches the portrait of the imaginary historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, is in a vein of genial pleasantry and reminds us of Arbuthnot’s amusing picture of Martin Scriblerus, and it may have suggested to Scott his Captain Clutterbuck and Dr. Dryasdust.

In the preface the author describes with quaint humour the causes which led him to write.

With great solicitude did I long behold the early history of this venerable and ancient city slipping from our grasp, trembling on the lips of narrative old age, and day by day dropping piecemeal into the tomb.

In a little while, thought I, and those reverend Dutch burghers, who serve as the tottering monuments of good old times, will be gathered to their fathers; their children, engrossed by the empty pleasures or insignificant transactions of the present age, will neglect to treasure up the recollections of the past; and posterity shall search in vain for memorials of the days of the Patriarchs. The origin of our city will be buried in eternal oblivion, and even the names and achievements of Wouter Van Twiller, William Kieft, and Peter Stuyvesant, be enveloped in doubt and fiction, like those of Romulus and Remus, of Charlemagne, King Arthur, Rinaldo, and Godfrey of Boulogne.

In 1815 Washington Irving again visited Europe and did not return to America till 1832. He was warmly welcomed by Scott and Byron and others, and one of his pleasantest books is 'Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead,' which he published soon after his return to America.

His first book written in England is the 'Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon,' which came out in America in 1819 and in England in 1820. All the chapters of this book are very pleasant reading, and lovers of antiquarian gossip will be especially pleased with those on 'The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap' and on 'Little Britain.' The book also contains several American sketches, such as the story of 'Rip Van Winkle' and the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' Another very pleasant part of the work is the account of an Old English Christmas spent at Bracebridge Hall, and in 1822 Irving wrote another book, further describing the innocent humours of that pleasant place. The character of 'Master Simon' in particular is drawn with much of the grace and skill of Addison.

Irving spent much time in Spain, was greatly interested in Spanish literature, and wrote the 'Life of

Columbus' (1828), the 'Conquest of Granada' (1829), the 'Companions of Columbus' (1831), and 'The Alhambra' (1832).

From 1842 to 1846 he was Ambassador at Madrid, and he then settled at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson, where he died in 1859.

Thackeray, in the 'Roundabout Paper' entitled '*Nisi bonum*,' has drawn a very beautiful and loving portrait of Irving.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston in 1803. On his father's and mother's side he was descended from a race of New England pastors, and to this calling he was himself at first devoted. His father, who was a minister in Boston, died in 1811, and the mother had a severe struggle to bring up and educate her children. But, to natures like Emerson's and Carlyle's, toil and hardship are purifying and ennobling. Emerson's own words to youthful students are :

It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity into safe and right channels, and made them, despite themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful, and the good. The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil and Want, and Truth and Mutual Faith.

After leaving college he was a teacher for three years, then for six years he was a minister, and in 1832 he resigned his pastoral work for that of lecturer and writer. He paid a visit to Italy and England, and in the first chapter of 'English Traits' there is a delightful record of his meeting with Carlyle, and Coleridge, Wordsworth and others.



It was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between Carlyle and Emerson, one of the most beautiful in the history of letters.

'I shall never forget the visitor,' wrote Mrs. Carlyle, long afterwards, 'who years ago, in the Desert, descended on us, out of the clouds as it were, and made one day there look like enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only one day.'

On his return to America he settled in Concord, and a few years later he gives a pleasant picture of his home in a letter to Carlyle:

I occupy, or *improve*, as we Yankees say, two acres only of God's earth; on which is my house, my kitchen-garden, my orchard of thirty young trees, my empty barn. My house is now a very good one for comfort, and abounding in room.

My wife Lidian is an incarnation of Christianity—I call her Asia—and keeps my philosophy from Antinomianism; my mother, whitest, mildest, most conservative of ladies, whose only exception to her universal preference for old things is her son; my boy, a piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning to night; these, and three domestic women, who cook and sew and run for us, make all my household.

During these years he delivered several courses of lectures, but his first published work was that entitled 'Nature,' which appeared in 1836. It is filled with subtle and pregnant thoughts, and expresses with a poet's wealth of ideas Emerson's conviction that external nature is an emanation and incarnation of the Divine Mind, and in this respect it is somewhat akin to 'Sartor Resartus.'

The following is from the chapter entitled 'Idealism':

Intellectual science has been observed to beget invariably a doubt of the existence of matter. Turgot said, 'He that has never doubted the existence of matter may be assured he has no aptitude for metaphysical inquiries.' It fastens the attention upon immortal, necessary, uncreated

natures—that is, upon Ideas; and in their presence we feel that the outward circumstance is a dream and a shade. Whilst we wait in this Olympus of gods, we think of nature as an appendix to the soul. We ascend into their region, and know that these are the thoughts of the Supreme Being.

The first and last lesson of religion is, 'The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal.' It puts an affront upon nature. It does that for the unschooled which philosophy does for Berkeley and Viasa. The uniform language that may be heard in the churches of the most ignorant sects is, 'Contemn the unsubstantial shows of the world; they are vanities, dreams, shadows, unrealities: seek the realities of religion.' The devotee flouts nature. But I own there is something ungrateful in expanding too curiously the particulars of the general proposition, that all culture tends to imbue us with idealism. I have no hostility to nature, but a child's love to it. I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons. Let us speak her fair. I do not wish to fling stones at my beautiful mother, nor soil my gentle nest.

'Nature' was warmly welcomed by Carlyle.

Your little azure-coloured 'Nature' gave me true satisfaction. I read it, and then lent it about to all my acquaintances that had a sense for such things; from whom a similar verdict always came back.

Yet neither in style nor substance did it quite satisfy Carlyle; it was too ethereal; its light was stellar, not solar; piercing, like that of the stars, not beaming and warming like that of the sun.

I long to see some concrete Thing, some Event, Man's Life, American Forest, or piece of Creation, which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well Emersonised, depicted by Emerson, filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him then to live by itself.

In 1841 a volume of essays was published, and another in 1844, of which the subject-matter is akin to that of 'Nature,' and there is the same subtlety of thought and beauty of language.

In 1847 he published a volume of poems; and some

of these, such as 'The Problem,' 'The World Soul,' 'The Concord Monument,' have lines of great beauty; but, in general, his poems have not the full rich music of the great masters.

In this year 1847 Emerson came again to England, and delivered lectures in Manchester and London and other places, and enjoyed once more the society of Carlyle. Together they visited Stonehenge and Winchester, and of this and of many other things there is a pleasant record in 'English Traits,' which was published in 1856.

Some few years earlier he published 'Representative Men,' a work somewhat in scope like Carlyle's 'Lectures on Heroes.' We have room for one extract from the chapter on Goethe :

He was the soul of his century. If that was learned, and had become, by population, compact organisation, and drill of parts, one great Exploring Expedition, accumulating a glut of facts and fruits too vast for any hitherto existing savants to classify, this man's mind had ample chambers for the distribution of all. He has clothed our modern existence with poetry. Amid littleness and detail, he detected the Genius of life, the old cunning Proteus, nestling close beside us, and showed that the dulness and prose we ascribe to the age was only another of his masks; that he had put off a gay uniform for a fatigue dress, and was not a whit less vivacious or rich in Liverpool or the Hague than once in Rome or Antioch.

In 1872 Emerson visited Europe once more, and then returned, and spent a few years more of a happy old age, loved and worshipped by an ever-growing number of disciples. He died in April 1882.

**Nathaniel Hawthorne** was born in 1804 in Salem, a little seaport town of Massachusetts, whose crumbling wharves and sleepy old-fashioned ways he has

described in the introduction to the best of his novels, 'The Scarlet Letter':

It is now nearly two centuries and a quarter since the original Briton, the earliest emigrant of my name, made his first appearance in the wild and forest-bordered settlement, which has since become a city.

The figure of that first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember—I seem to have a stronger claim to a residence here on account of this grave, bearded, sable cloaked, and steeple-crowned progenitor—who came so early, with his Bible and his sword, and trod the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure, as a man of war and peace—a stronger claim than for myself, whose name is seldom heard and my face hardly known. He was a soldier, legislator, judge; he was a ruler in the Church; he had all the Puritanic traits, both good and evil.

This stern ancestor was in his day a fierce persecutor of the Quakers, and in one of his minor tales, 'The Gentle Boy,' Hawthorne has drawn a picture of the bitter intolerance of the early Puritans towards these inoffensive people. The Hawthornes ceased, in a generation or two, to be judges and governors, and became sailors instead.

From father to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster, in each generation, retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale, which had blustered against his sire and grandsire.

Nathaniel's father also was a shipmaster, who died abroad when the boy was five years old, and he passed a quiet dreamy youth living in the little town with his mother and sisters. At the age of seventeen he went to college at Brunswick in Maine, and he had as fellow-students and personal friends Longfellow the future poet, and Pierce the future president.

He then returned to his mother's home, and began to write little tales and sketches, which appeared in various periodicals and newspapers, but they gained little notice. In later years, when he had become well known, he gathered the best of these sketches into two little volumes with the title 'Twice-told Tales.' Some of these tales, such as 'The Gray Champion' and 'The Gentle Boy,' are pictures from the early history of New England; and others, such as 'Sunday at Home' and 'A Rill from the Town Pump,' are pleasant little sketches of the quiet scenes around him.

In 1841 Hawthorne joined the band of earnest young men and women who were striving to realise a Utopia at Brook Farm, labouring in the fields and studying transcendental philosophy. He stayed with them only a little while, but 'The Blithedale Romance,' which he afterwards wrote, gives a graceful picture of the little community.

In 1842 he married, and went to live in the old manse at Concord, and had Emerson for a neighbour. Here he lived for four years, and continued to write little stories, which were afterwards published with the title, 'Mosses from an Old Manse.'

His first great story, 'The Scarlet Letter,' was not written till 1850. It is a tragic story of great power and sombre beauty, taken from the annals of New England. There is Hester Prynne, a beautiful young woman, who has sinned and who wears upon her bosom the scarlet letter, the symbol of her shame. There is Arthur Dimmesdale, the young minister, the partner of her sin, whom all men love and revere, but whom secret remorse

brings down to the grave. Then there is little Pearl, the elf-like child, who is the most beautiful of all Hawthorne's creations. There are other figures also: the stern governor, Bellingham; the kind old minister, John Wilson; and Roger Chillingworth, the long-lost husband of Hester, who returns and discovers the secret of Arthur Dimmesdale, and takes a fiendish pleasure in embittering his remorse.

With these few characters and a few simple incidents Hawthorne constructs a story of which the interest grows intense as we approach the end, while each scene is painted in broad and simple outline.

The following is part of the description of the little wayward Pearl:

Her mother, while Pearl was yet an infant, grew acquainted with a certain peculiar look that warned her when it would be labour thrown away to insist, persuade, or plead. It was a look so intelligent, yet inexplicable, so perverse, sometimes so malicious, but generally accompanied by a wild flow of spirits, that Hester could not help questioning, at such moments, whether Pearl was a human child. She seemed rather an airy sprite, which, after playing its fantastic sports for a little while upon the cottage floor, would flit away with a mocking smile.

'The Scarlet Letter' was immediately popular, as it well deserved to be, and within a year or two Hawthorne wrote another beautiful story, 'The House of the Seven Gables.' Here also there is a hidden crime which is at last brought to light, but the story is of a less sombre cast than 'The Scarlet Letter.' Phoebe Pyncheon, the light-hearted girl who brings happiness wherever she goes, is not so wonderful a creation as Pearl, but she is still a very beautiful character.

In 1853 Hawthorne came to England, and did not

return to America till 1860. His impressions of England are embodied in a work entitled 'Our Old Home.'

In 1858 he went to Italy and spent nearly two years in Rome and Florence. The fruit of his Italian sojourn is the very beautiful romance, 'The Marble Faun; or, Transformation.' Again there is a story of crime, and the secret burden of remorse weighing upon two of the characters, Miriam and Donatello, and there is a very beautiful character, Hilda, a young American girl whose pure and tranquil nature gives a welcome relief amid the scenes of passion and violence of the story.

After his return to America, Hawthorne wrote a few little sketches; but his health was failing, and in 1864 he died.

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow** was born in 1807 at Portland on the coast of Maine. On the mother's side he was descended from the John Alden and Priscilla of the pleasant story of 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.' As a boy he was fond of reading, and the book which above all others he loved was the 'Sketch Book' of Washington Irving. In after years he said, 'The old fascination remains about it, and whenever I open its pages I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chamber of youth.'

In 1822 he was at college with Hawthorne at Brunswick in Maine, and in 1826 he paid a visit to France and Spain, and met Washington Irving in Madrid. On his return in 1829 he became Professor of Belles Lettres at Brunswick, and a few years later he was appointed professor at Harvard University. As the fruits of his

travels in Europe he published, in 1833, '*Outre Mer*,' a series of sketches like those of Irving.

In 1835 he again visited Europe, accompanied by his wife, whom he had married in 1831. In England he was welcomed by many friends, and among others by Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. He then visited Sweden to learn the northern languages, and then Holland, where his wife sickened and died. He went sadly on to the Rhineland and Switzerland, and was back again in America at the end of 1836.

Two years later his first considerable poem, the '*Psalm of Life*,' was published, and gained immediate popularity, and in 1839 he published a little volume of poems with the title '*Voices of the Night*.'

In the same year his beautiful prose romance, '*Hyperion*,' was published. It tells the story of his own wanderings through the beautiful Rhineland, and its sketches of Goethe and Richter are delightful. The beautiful English lady, Mary Ashburton, of the story was a Miss Frances Appleton, who in course of time became the poet's wife.

Two years later a volume of ballads was published, containing such well-known favourites as '*The Wreck of the Hesperus*,' '*Excelsior*,' and '*The Village Blacksmith*.'

In 1847 Longfellow published what is perhaps his masterpiece, the sweet and majestic poem, '*Evangeline*.' Nothing can be finer than the long swell of the musical lines, and the story itself in its simple pathos is like a strain of sad music.

-- In the close of the poem, *Evangeline*, after many



wanderings, is a Sister of Mercy in a hospital far away from the happy Acadia of her youth, and there she finds among the sick her lover, now old and weary and worn.

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,  
'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;  
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
Village and mountain and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
Tears came into his eyes; and, as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away; but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents muttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have  
spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

Within the next few years Longfellow wrote 'Kavanagh,' a beautiful little prose romance of American village life; 'The Building of the Ship,' one of his most stirring poems; and 'The Golden Legend,' a story of the middle ages.

Then in 1855 appeared 'Hiawatha,' a masterpiece which is worthy to rank with 'Evangeline.' It is an idealised picture of Indian life, and in the sweet ripple of its melody it seems to carry us to deep forests and quiet streams, and its quaint parallelism seems specially fitted to describe a simple primitive people.

In the following lines Hiawatha is described lamenting the death of the sweet singer, Chibiabos:

'He is dead, the sweet musician!  
He, the sweetest of all singers!  
He has gone from us for ever,

He has moved a little nearer  
 To the Master of all music,  
 To the Master of all singing !  
 O, my brother, Chibiabos !'  
 And the melancholy fir-trees  
 Waved their dark green fans above him,  
 Waved their purple cones above him,  
 Sighing with him to console him,  
 Mingled with his lamentation  
 Their complaining, their lamenting.

After 'Hiawatha,' Longfellow's chief works were, 'The Courtship of Miles Standish' (1858), 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' (1863), and the translation of Dante's 'Divine Comedy' (1870). He wrote many other little poems up till the time of his death, which came in March 1882.

The four writers whom we have mentioned—Irving, the genial essayist ; Emerson, the profound and imaginative philosopher ; Hawthorne, with his creations of tragic beauty ; and Longfellow, with his tones of pure melody—would add lustre to the literature of any age or country. There are still others who are worthy of mention, though they are not so great as these.

William Hickling Prescott was born in 1796 in Salem, and he was therefore a fellow-townsmen with Hawthorne. He came of a race of soldiers, and his grandfather was in command at Bunker's Hill. He was educated at Harvard, where, through the careless fun of a fellow-student, his eyesight was nearly ruined. He was greatly delighted with Gibbon's 'Autobiography,' and was incited by it to attempt some great historical work.

He visited Europe in 1815, and studied with great

industry and eagerness the literature and history of Spain. His eyesight was too feeble to enable him to read, and he had to rely upon the reading of others; and, though he himself wrote, he was unable to read his own manuscript.

In spite of these heavy obstacles he wrote the noble series of historical works, 'Ferdinand and Isabella' (1837), 'Conquest of Mexico' (1843), 'Conquest of Peru' (1847), 'Philip II.' (1855-8).

Prescott died in 1859.

**William Cullen Bryant** was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1797. He began to write poems when he was thirteen, and 'Thanatopsis,' which is perhaps his finest poem, was written when he was nineteen. He practised for some years as a country barrister, but in 1825 he came to New York and devoted himself to literary work, and was for many years editor of a newspaper. Among his minor poems the best known are the address 'To a Waterfowl,' and the spirited address to his native land, 'O Mother of a Mighty Race.'

The following lines, in which the earth is described as a universal tomb, are from 'Thanatopsis,' and are filled with a sombre beauty:

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone;—nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings—  
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move

In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and poured round all,  
 Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations, all  
 Of the great tomb of man.

**Edgar Allan Poe** was born in 1809, at Boston according to one account, at Baltimore according to another. His father and mother were both on the stage, and they died leaving him an orphan at an early age. He was adopted by a kind-hearted merchant named Allan, and was sent to England to a school in Stoke Newington. Some of his recollections of childhood are embodied in his weird story of 'William Wilson.'

After returning to America he entered the University of Virginia; but he grew up a wild, reckless youth, and frequently brought discredit upon himself and his patron. He enlisted as a soldier, then left the army, then entered the West Military Academy and was soon afterwards dismissed, and at last he gave himself up to literary work, writing tales and poems for the magazines and reviews.

His best-known poem is 'The Raven,' which was published in 1845, and his best story is 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' published in 1838. His works show gleams of genius, but he executed nothing great or perfect, and he delighted too much in weird and fantastic effects. His criticisms are not of great value; that on Wordsworth is crude and immature, while the one on Longfellow is somewhat spiteful.

He died in 1849 in the hospital at Baltimore.

**John Lothrop Motley** was born in 1814 in Massachusetts, and was educated at Harvard. After leaving

college he visited Europe, and spent many years in ransacking libraries and State archives for the materials of his great work, 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic.' It is a noble theme, and he has nobly worked it out. The book is filled with stirring incidents, as vividly described as those of Macaulay's history, while Motley is far happier in his choice of a subject. The birth of a nation, and the gallant casting off the yoke of the master of the Old and New World, is a subject that will never cease to be interesting, and our own casting out of poor James II. is a very small affair in comparison.

The portion of the work which is of most tragic interest is perhaps Part III., entitled 'Alva' (1567-1573). In this part Chapter VIII. recounts the incidents of the siege of Harlem, and gives a picture terrible in its truth of human endurance and inhuman ferocity.

Alva, after nearly six years' experience, had found this 'people of butter' less malleable than even these 'iron people' whom he boasted of having tamed. It was seen that neither the skies of Greece or Italy, nor the sublime scenery of Switzerland, were necessary to arouse the spirit of defiance to foreign oppression—a spirit which beat as proudly among the wintry mists and the level meadows of Holland, as it had ever done under sunnier atmospheres and in more romantic lands.

After completing 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic,' Motley carried on the story in another work, 'The History of the United Netherlands,' bringing it down from the death of William the Silent to the year 1609, and he purposed carrying it forward to the end of the Thirty Years' War. He died in 1877.

James Russell Lowell was born in 1819 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and graduated in due course at

Harvard, where, in 1855, on the retirement of Longfellow, he became Professor of Belles Lettres. He began to write poetry at an early age, and in his earliest volumes there are traces of the influence of Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth. But in the 'Biglow Papers,' of which the first part was published in 1848, he is thoroughly original. The poems in this volume are in the Yankee dialect, and are supposed to be the utterances of a young farmer, Hosea Biglow, who is indignant that the United States should, by embarking in the Mexican war, provide a further outlet for the extension of slavery. A second part was published nearly twenty years later, and deals with the incidents of the Great War of Secession.

Prefixed to the 'Biglow Papers' is a delightful little Yankee idyll entitled 'The Courtin',' which has the full flavour and aroma of American humour. Since the 'Biglow Papers' Lowell has written several odes, of which the grandest is that 'Recited at the Harvard Commemoration' in memory of those who fell during the war.

Lowell is one of the finest of American critics, and his papers on Chaucer, Dryden, and Wordsworth are especially beautiful.

## SUMMARY

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin in 1729, and was a fellow student with Goldsmith in the University of Dublin. He came to London in 1750, and published his first two works in 1756. In 1765 he was appointed private secretary to Lord Rockingham, and from that time till 1794 he sat in Parliament. He was warmly attached to Johnson and Goldsmith.

In Parliament his most eloquent speeches were made on American and East Indian affairs, and he was one of the chief conductors of the State prosecution of Warren Hastings. He was a resolute opponent of the principles of the French Revolution, and his greatest work, the 'Reflections on the Revolution in France,' is filled with passages of splendid eloquence. He died in 1797.

Robert Burns was born in 1759 in a humble cottage near Ayr. His father was a worthy man who had a long and sore struggle with poverty, and he is lovingly described in 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' The earliest poems of Burns are love songs and humorous satires on the 'Auld Light' clergy. His poems were published in 1786, and he paid a visit to Edinburgh, where he was feasted and made much of for a time. Sir Walter Scott, who was then a boy, saw him, and in later years described him. After leaving Edinburgh, Burns settled as a farmer near Dumfries, and then gave up farming to become an exciseman. In his last years his chief works were 'Tam o' Shanter' and a number of beautiful songs. He died in 1796.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in 1770. In one of his later poems, 'The Prelude,' he gives an interesting picture of his life at school and at Cambridge, and also of his travels in France.

In 1795 he settled with his sister Dora in Dorset and began to write poems. In 1797 he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and in 1798 they published the 'Lyrical Ballads.' The finest poem in the volume is the one entitled 'Lines composed above Tintern

Abbey.' Wordsworth and his sister then visited Gerinany, and there 'Lucy Gray' and several of his finest minor poems were written. To 1802 belong some of his finest sonnets, especially the one on 'Westminster Bridge.' 'The Prelude' was then written, but was not published during the poet's lifetime; but 'The Excursion,' a poem in nine books, was published in 1814. 'The White Doe of Rylstone,' 'The Waggoner,' and the 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality' are poems belonging to these years. Wordsworth's last beautiful poem was written in 1818, but he himself lived till 1850.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in 1772, in Devonshire. He lost his mother at an early age, and he was sent to school at Christ's Hospital, where Charles Lamb was his schoolfellow. In 1791 he went to Cambridge, and a few years later became a friend and fellow-worker with Southey. In 1795 he married, and the next year published his first volume of poems. In 1797 he became the neighbour and friend of Wordsworth, and they planned and wrote the 'Lyrical Ballads.' He then visited Germany, and on his return began to write for the press. His course of life was then for many years very unsettled and miserable, but in 1816 he found a peaceful refuge at Highgate, where in 1834 he died. In these later years he wrote 'Biographia Literaria,' 'Aids to Reflection,' and other prose works treating of philosophy and religion.

Robert Southey was born in 1774, at Bristol, and spent most of his childhood with an aunt who gave him a very early acquaintance with the drama. During his youth and early manhood he was an ardent lover of liberty and a well-wisher of the French Revolution. His first epic poem, 'Joan of Arc,' was published in 1796, and in later years he wrote 'Thalaba,' 'Madoc,' 'The Curse of Kehama,' and 'Roderick.' He twice visited Lisbon, and his great love for Spanish and Portuguese literature and history is shown in a number of prose works. His biographies of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper are perhaps his best works. He lived for many years at Greta Hall in Keswick, and died there in 1843.

Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and in a fragment of autobiography he has given a pleasant picture of his childhood. His father was a Writer to the Signet, and he himself was called to the bar in 1792. His summer holidays were spent in excursions through the Border country, and 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' (1802) was his first considerable work. Then followed his three great poems, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' (1805), 'Marmion' (1808), and 'The Lady of the Lake' (1810). 'Rokeby' and other poems followed, but they showed a decline in excellence. 'Waverley' was published in 1814, and then followed in quick succession the great novels on which Scott's fame rests. His latter



years were rendered miserable by business troubles, and his last novels have little merit. He died in 1832, and his life has been beautifully written by his son-in-law, Lockhart.

Byron was born in 1791, at Aberdeen, and on the death of a grand-uncle he became Lord Byron and possessor of Newstead Abbey in 1798. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 he published his first volume of poems, 'Hours of Idleness,' which was savagely criticised in the 'Edinburgh Review.' In response he wrote 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' in 1809. He then went on his travels, and on his return wrote two cantos of 'Childe Harold,' which at once made him famous; and then there appeared in quick succession, 'The Giaour,' 'Bride of Abydos,' and other metrical tales, all of which contained passages of great beauty. In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, but within a year they were parted, and Byron took his last leave of England. The third canto of 'Childe Harold' and the drama of 'Manfred' were his earliest works after leaving England, and were composed on the shores of Geneva, where he enjoyed the society of Shelley. He then settled in Venice, and wrote the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold' and the early cantos of 'Don Juan.' This poem was his last, and was left unfinished when he died in 1823.

Shelley was born in 1792, and belonged to a wealthy Sussex family. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, but was expelled from the university on account of his atheistical opinions. His first considerable poem, 'Queen Mab' (1813), is a work of immature genius; his next, 'Alastor,' is full of solemn beauty, and was written while the poet was expecting an early death. 'The Revolt of Islam' (1818) is the poet's dream of a new society where all oppression is ended. From 1818 till his death in 1822, Shelley lived in Italy, and there produced his three greatest works, 'The Cenci,' 'Prometheus Unbound,' and 'Adonais.' The last is an eloquent lament over John Keats.

Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795, at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire. In his 'Reminiscences' he has given a beautiful picture of his parentage and education. He was intended for the ministry, but in 1817 he finally determined not to enter on that calling, and devoted himself first to teaching, and then to literature. His first works were on the subject of German literature, and in 1827 the first of his well-known critical reviews appeared in the 'Edinburgh.' 'Sartor Resartus' was written in the solitude of Craigenputtock. In 1834 he came to live in London, and in 1837 'The French Revolution,' the most perfect of his works, was published. 'Cromwell' (1845) and 'Friedrich' (1864) were two other historical works of excellent merit. Carlyle died in 1881.

Charles Dickens was born in 1812, and suffered great hardships in his childhood, which he has described in 'David Copperfield.' His first published story appeared in 1833, and in 1836 this and other stories were published as 'Sketches by Boz.' 'Pickwick' and 'Oliver Twist' quickly followed, and Dickens became the most popular writer in England. From this time till his death in 1870, novel followed novel in quick succession, and his unfinished novel, 'Edwin Drood,' shows little, if any, failing of power.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in 1811, in Calcutta, but was sent to England while he was a child, to be educated. He went from the Charterhouse to Cambridge, and then for a time to Weimar and Paris. After his return he began to write comic stories and satirical sketches in 'Fraser's Magazine' and in 'Punch,' and in 1846 his first great work, 'Vanity Fair,' came out. 'Pendennis,' 'Esmond,' 'The Newcomes,' and 'The Virginians' appeared in later years. In 1859 the 'Cornhill' was established with Thackeray as editor, and he wrote for it 'Philip' and the pleasant 'Roundabout Papers.' Thackeray died in 1863.

John Ruskin was born in London in 1819. 'Præterita,' his latest writing, is a very beautiful record of his childhood and education. In 1837 he went to Oxford, and in 1843 the first volume of his 'Modern Painters' appeared. In later years he wrote many fine works on art, of which the chief are 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' and 'Stones of Venice.' He was an ardent disciple of Carlyle, and in 'Unto this Last,' 'Crown of Wild Olive,' 'Fors Clavigera,' &c., he enforces and develops his master's teaching.

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809. He was educated at Cambridge, and then returned to his mother's house and gave himself up, like Wordsworth, to poetry. His first volume of poems appeared in 1830; then a second in 1833. In 1847 'The Princess,' which is one of his most beautiful poems, appeared, and three years later 'In Memoriam,' which is the noble record of his friendship for Arthur Hallam. In 1859 the 'Idylls of the King' appeared, and this is generally regarded as the poet's masterpiece.

Robert Browning was born in 1812, in Camberwell. When he was a youth he was an ardent lover of Shelley, and in his first published poem, 'Pauline,' he pays him reverent homage. In 1835 'Paracelsus,' the history of a soul, appeared and gained enthusiastic praise from a few. 'Sordello,' which is also the history of a soul, is the most abstruse of Browning's works. 'Pippa Passes' (1841) was the first poem which gained popular favour, and during the next few years a great number of beautiful short poems was published with the title 'Bells and Pomegranates.' From 1846 until his wife's death in 1861 Browning lived in Italy. His greatest work, 'The

Ring and the Book,' is a wonderful presentment of a story of Italian crime. Browning died in December, 1889.

The *Edinburgh Review* was founded in 1802 by Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, and Brougham. Jeffrey became editor next year, and under his guidance the Review became a great power. There is an interesting account of Jeffrey in Carlyle's 'Reminiscences.'

The *Quarterly* was started in 1808, in opposition to the 'Edinburgh.' Gifford was the editor, and Scott and Southey were among the chief contributors.

**Tom Moore** (1779-1852) was the friend and biographer of Byron. He was also a witty song-writer. His greatest work is the Oriental romance, 'Lalla Rookh.'

**Samuel Rogers** (1768-1855) was a poet of refined taste, and his poems were very beautifully illustrated by Turner and Stoddart. His treatment of Italian legends is very beautiful.

**Charles Lamb** (1775-1835) was a school-fellow with Coleridge at Christ's Hospital. He was a clerk for many years in the South Sea House. He wrote poems and a tragedy, but the one work which will live is the delightful collection of 'Essays of Elia.'

**Leigh Hunt** (1784-1859) was imprisoned for two years for writing a stinging satire on the Prince Regent. He gained the friendship of Byron and Shelley, and in later times he was a neighbour and friend of Carlyle. He wrote one or two volumes of poems, and several prose works, of which the best is his 'Autobiography.'

**John Keats** (1795-1821) was passionately fond, when a youth, of Spenser and Chapman. He learnt no Greek at school, but no poet has caught the spirit of Greek legend more truly than he has in 'Endymion' and 'Hyperion.' He died in Italy, of consumption.

**Thomas Babington Macaulay** (1800-1859) was one of the most brilliant orators at Cambridge, and became one of the most brilliant writers in the 'Edinburgh.' He entered Parliament in 1830, and in 1833 he went out to India to discharge important duties. After his return he wrote the articles in the 'Edinburgh' on 'Clive' and 'Warren Hastings,' and then gave himself up to the writing of his 'History of England.'

**John Henry Newman** was born in 1801. He went to Oxford and became the soul of the 'Oxford Movement.' Matthew Arnold and others bear witness to the magical influence of his sermons preached in St. Mary's. He was the editor of the 'Tracts for the Times,' and the writer of the famous Tract XC., with which the series closed. In 1845 he joined the Church of Rome. In 1864 he wrote the 'Apologia,' an eloquent vindication of his sincerity in his change of faith.

John Stuart Mill (1806-1873) was educated by his father, and read Herodotus, Plato, and Xenophon before he was eight. He was a friend of Jeremy Bentham, and was an ardent advocate of the Utilitarian system of philosophy. He took great delight in Wordsworth's poetry and in Carlyle's early works. His own chief works were his 'Logic' (1843), 'Political Economy' (1848), and 'Liberty' (1859). His 'Autobiography' was published after his death.

Charles Darwin (1809-1882) accompanied, in 1831, the *Beagle*, as naturalist, in a voyage round the world. After his return he published his 'Journal of Researches,' and this was the foundation of all his later work. In 1859 his great work, 'On the Origin of Species,' was published, marking a great epoch in the history of science. In 1871 he published 'The Descent of Man,' which is in some respects an even more startling work.

George Eliot (1820-1880) did for the Midland counties of England what Scott did for the Lowlands of Scotland. Her first work of fiction was 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and in 1859 'Adam Bede,' which is her masterpiece, appeared. 'The Mill on the Floss' appeared next year, and 'Romola' and other novels followed. George Eliot was a poetess as well as a novelist.

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) was when a youth brought under the influence of Wordsworth in Westmoreland and Newman at Oxford. In 1849 his first volume of poems was published, and in 1852 a second volume. Many of the poems are extremely beautiful, but they have not the depth of imagination of those of Tennyson and Browning. Arnold's prose writings are by many preferred before his poetry. Of these prose works the best are 'Essays in Criticism' and 'Literature and Dogma.'

Washington Irving (1783-1859) was born in New York, and one of the best of his works is 'Knickerbocker's History of New York.' He visited Europe several times and remained here from 1815 to 1832. During this time he wrote the 'Sketch Book' and 'Bracebridge Hall.' He spent much time in Spain, and wrote several works connected with Spanish history.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was descended from a long line of New England pastors, and was himself for some time a minister. In 1833 he visited England and began his lifelong friendship with Carlyle. In 1836 he published 'Nature,' a series of lectures on philosophical questions of great depth and subtlety. A few years later he published other series of lectures with similar scope and tendency. In 1847 he again visited England and delivered courses of lectures, and spent much pleasant time with Carlyle.

**Nathaniel Hawthorne** (1804-1864) was descended from one of the early founders of New England. He began early to write little tales for the newspapers and magazines, and these were collected later under the title of 'Twice-told Tales.' His greatest novel, 'The Scarlet Letter,' was published in 1850, and 'The House of the Seven Gables' followed soon after. In 1858 he visited Italy, and the story of 'The Marble Faun' was the fruit of his sojourn there.

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow** (1807-1882) was, like his friend Hawthorne, descended from one of the early founders of New England. In 1826 he visited Europe, and on his return to America he was appointed a professor of Belles Lettres. In 1839 he published a little volume of poems, and also his beautiful prose romance, 'Hyperion.' In 1847 his masterpiece, 'Evangeline,' appeared, and in 1855, 'Hiawatha.' In these poems Longfellow proved himself the sweetest of all American singers.

**William Hickling Prescott** (1796-1859) was incited by Gibbon's 'Autobiography' to attempt some great historical work. He visited Europe in 1815 and eagerly studied the literature and history of Spain, and wrote a noble series of historical works in connection with that subject.

**William Cullen Bryant** (1797-1878) began at an early age to write poems. He was at first a country barrister, but in 1825 he came to New York and devoted himself to literary work. His finest poem is entitled 'Thanatopsis.'

**Edgar Allan Poe** (1809-1849) was left an orphan at an early age. He was adopted and educated by a kind-hearted merchant named Allan. He grew up a wild and reckless youth, and wrote poems and tales for the magazines. His best poem is 'The Raven,' and his best story 'The Fall of the House of Usher.'

**John Lothrop Motley** (1814-1877) visited Europe and spent many years in gathering materials for his great work, 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic.' After completing it, he carried on the story in 'The History of the United Netherlands.'

**James Russell Lowell** was born in 1819. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor at Harvard. He began to write poetry at an early age, but the 'Biglow Papers' was his first great work. Lowell is one of the finest of American critics.



# CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF ENGLISH WRITERS

WITH TITLES OF THEIR CHIEF WORKS.

BÆDA (673-735) <i>Ecclesiastical History</i>	JOHN OF TREVISA (1387 ?) <i>Chronicle of the World</i>
KING ALFRED (849-901) <i>Pastoral Care</i> <i>Chronicles of Orosius</i> <i>Translation of Bæda's History</i>	JOHN BARBOUR (1316-1395) <i>The Bruce</i> , 1375
ELFRIC (990-996) <i>Homilies</i>	WILLIAM LANGLAND (1332-1400 ?) <i>Piers Plowman</i> , 1362-1390
WRITERS OF SAXON CHRONICLE (891-1121)	GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340-1400) <i>Romaunt of the Rose</i> <i>Boke of the Duchesse</i> , 1369 <i>Parlement of Briddes</i> <i>Canterbury Tales</i> , 1390
ORMIN (1200 ?) <i>Ormulum</i>	JOHN GOWER (1325-1408) <i>Confessio Amantis</i> , 1393
LAYAMON (1200 ?) <i>The Brut</i>	JOHN LYDGATE (1373-1460) <i>Storie of Thebes</i> , 1430 ? <i>Fall of Princes</i> <i>Troy Boke</i>
BISHOP LE POOR (1200 ?) <i>Ancren Riwle</i>	JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND (1394-1437) <i>The Kingis Quhair</i> , 1424 ?
NICHOLAS DE GUILDFORD (1250 ?) <i>The Owl and the Nightingale</i>	WILLIAM CAXTON (1422-1492) <i>Historyes of Troye</i>
ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER (1270 ?) <i>Chronicle of England</i>	SIR THOMAS MALORY (1470 ?) <i>Le Morte Darthur</i>
ROBERT OF BOURNE (1260-1340 ?) <i>Handlyng Synne</i> <i>Chronicle of England</i>	STEPHEN HAWES (1506 ?) <i>Passetyme of Pleasure</i>
THE HERMIT OF HAMPOLE (1290-1349) <i>The Pricke of Conscience</i>	JOHN SKELTON (1460-1529) <i>Boke of Colin Cloute</i> <i>Phyllipp Sparowe</i>
SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE (1300-1371 ?) <i>The Voiage and Travaile</i>	WILLIAM DUNBAR (1465-1520) <i>The Thistle and the Rose</i> <i>The Golden Terge</i>
JOHN WYCLIF (1320-1384) <i>Translation of Bible</i>	

- GAWEN DOUGLAS (1474-1522)  
*Æneid of Virgil*
- LORD BERNERS (1464-1532)  
*Froissart's Chronicle*
- WILLIAM TYNDALE (1477-1536)  
*Translation of New Testament*, 1525  
*Obedience of a Christian Man*, 1528
- SIR DAVID LYNDSAY (1490-1557)  
*The Dreme*, 1528  
*The Three Estates*, 1540  
*The Monarchie*, 1553
- HUGH LATIMER (1491-1555)  
*Sermons*
- JOHN KNOX (1505-1572)  
*Historie of the Reformation*
- LORD SURREY (1518-1547)  
*Translation of Æneid*
- ROGER ASCHAM (1515-1568)  
*Toxophilus*, 1545  
*The Scholemaster*, 1568
- SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)  
*Arcadia*, 1580  
*Apology for Poetrie*, 1581  
*Astrophel and Stella*
- JOHN LYL (1553-1600)  
*Euphues*, 1579  
*Euphues and his England*, 1580
- EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)  
*The Shepheards Calender*, 1579  
*Faerie Queene*, 1590-1596
- RICHARD HOOKER (1554-1600)  
*Ecclesiastical Polity*, 1594-1600
- CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)  
*Tamburlaine*, 1588  
*Faustus*, 1589  
*The Jew of Malta*, 1590?  
*Edward II.*, 1593
- <sup>1</sup> WILLIAM SHAKSPERE (1564-1616)  
*Henry VI.*  
*Love's Labour's Lost*  
*Comedy of Errors*  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona*  
*Venus and Adonis*, 1593  
*Lucrece*, 1594  
*Midsummer Night's Dream*
- SHAKSPERE—continued  
*Richard III.*  
*Romeo and Juliet*  
*Richard II.*  
*King John*  
*Merchant of Venice*  
*Henry IV.*  
*Henry V.*  
*Taming of the Shrew*  
*Merry Wives of Windsor*  
*Much Ado about Nothing*  
*As You Like It*  
*Twelfth Night*  
*All's Well that Ends Well*  
*Measure for Measure*  
*Troilus and Cressida*  
*Julius Caesar*  
*Hamlet*  
*Othello*  
*Lear*  
*Macbeth*  
*Antony and Cleopatra*  
*Coriolanus*  
*Timon*  
*Pericles of Tyre*  
*Cymbeline*  
*Tempest*  
*Winter's Tale*  
*Henry VIII.*
- SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618)  
*The Discovery of Guiana*, 1596  
*History of the World*, 1614
- FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)  
*Essays*, 1597, 1612, 1625  
*Advancement of Learning*, 1605  
*History of Henry VII.*, 1620
- THOMAS DEKKER (1570-1637)  
*Old Fortunatus*, 1600
- BEN JONSON (1573-1637)  
*Every Man in His Humour*, 1598  
*Volpone*, 1605  
*The Silent Woman*, 1609  
*The Alchemist*, 1610  
*Bartholomew Fair*, 1614
- THOMAS HEYWOOD  
*A Woman Killed with Kindness*, 1603  
*Fair Maid of the West*, 1617  
*English Traveller*, 1633

<sup>1</sup> The order of Shakspeare's plays is that suggested by Professor Dowden.



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- JOHN WEBSTER  
*Vittoria Corombona* 1612  
*Duchess of Malfi*, 1623
- BEAUMONT AND FLEICHER (1579-1625)  
*Philaster*, 1608  
*The Faithful Shepherdess*, 1610  
*The Maid's Tragedy*, 1611
- PHILIP MASSINGER (1583-1638)  
*The Great Duke of Florence*, 1627  
*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, 1633  
*The Virgin Martyr*
- LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY (1581-1633)  
*History of Henry VIII.*, 1643  
*Autobiography*
- GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)  
*The Temple*, 1633
- ROBERT BURTON (1576-1640)  
*Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621
- SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682)  
*Religio Medici*, 1635  
*Vulgar Errors*, 1646  
*Garden of Cyrus*, 1658  
*Urn Burial*, 1658
- ISAAC WALTON (1593-1683)  
*The Compleat Angler*, 1638  
*Lives of Hooker, Herbert, &c.*
- JEREMY TAYLOR (1618-1667)  
*Liberty of Prophesying*, 1647  
*Holy Living and Dying*  
*Sermons*
- JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)  
*L'Allegro*, 1633?  
*Il Penseroso*, 1633?  
*Comus*, 1634  
*Lycidas*, 1637  
*Pamphlets*, 1641  
*Areopagitica*, 1644  
*Paradise Lost*, 1667  
*Paradise Regained*, 1671  
*Samson Agonistes*, 1671
- EARL OF CLARENDON (1609-1674)  
*History of the Rebellion*
- JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)  
*Grace Abounding*, 1666  
*Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678  
*Holy War*, 1682
- ISAAC BUREAU (1630-1677)  
*Sermons*
- JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)  
*Annus Mirabilis*, 1667  
*Absalom and Achitophel*, 1681  
*Hind and the Panther*, 1687  
*Translation of Virgil*, 1697  
*Alexander's Feast*, 1697
- JOHN LOCKE (1632-1704)  
*Essay on the Human Understanding*, 1690  
*Treatises on Government*, 1690  
*Thoughts concerning Education*, 1690
- BISHOP BURNET (1643-1715)  
*History of His Own Time*  
*History of the Reformation*
- JOHN ARBUTHNOT (1667-1735)  
*Martinus Scribbler*  
*History of John Bull*, 1712
- JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)  
*Tale of a Tub*, 1704  
*Battle of the Books*, 1704  
*Pamphlets*, 1708-14  
*Drapier's Letters*, 1724  
*Gulliver's Travels*, 1726
- JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)  
*The Campaign*, 1704  
*Tatler and Spectator*  
*Freeholder*, 1715
- RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)  
*The Christian Hero*, 1701  
*Tatler*, 1709  
*Spectator*, 1711  
*Guardian*, 1713
- JOHN GAY (1688-1732)  
*Beggars' Opera*, 1726  
*Fables*
- ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1746)  
*Essay upon Criticism*, 1711  
*Rape of the Lock*, 1712  
*Translation of Homer*, 1720  
*Dunciad*, 1728  
*Essay on Man*, 1733-34  
*Moral Essays*, 1733-34
- BISHOP BERKLEY (1685-1753)  
*New Theory of Vision*, 1709  
*Principles of Human Knowledge*, 1710  
*Three Dialogues*, 1713

- BISHOP BERKLEY—continued  
*Minute Philosopher*, 1732  
*Siris*, 1744
- DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731)  
*Journal of the Plague*  
*Robinson Crusoe*, 1719  
*Colonel Jack*, etc.
- LADY M. W. MONTAGU (1690-1762)  
*Letters*
- BISHOP BUTLER (1692-1752)  
*Sermons*  
*The Analogy of Religion*, 1736
- SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689-1761)  
*Pamela*, 1710  
*Clarissa Harlowe*, 1748  
*Sir Charles Grandison*, 1753
- HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754)  
*Joseph Andrews*, 1742  
*Tom Jones*, 1749  
*Amelia*, 1751
- LAWRENCE STERNE (1713-1768)  
*Tristram Shandy*, 1760-67  
*Sentimental Journey*, 1767
- THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)  
*Odes*  
*The Bard*, 1757  
*Elegy*, 1759
- TOBIAS SMOLLETT (1721-1771)  
*Roderick Random*, 1748  
*Peregrine Pickle*, 1751  
*Humphrey Clinker*, 1771
- SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)  
*Vanity of Human Wishes*, 1749  
*Rambler*, 1750-52  
*Dictionary*, 1755  
*Rasselas*, 1759  
*Lives of the Poets*, 1781
- HORACE WALPOLE (1717-1797)  
*Letters*  
*Anecdotes of Painting*, 1762-71
- OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)  
*Traveller*, 1764  
*Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766  
*The Good-Natured Man*, 1768  
*The Deserted Village*, 1770  
*She Stoops to Conquer*, 1773
- EDMUND BURKE (1790-1797)  
*The Sublime and Beautiful*, 1756  
*Speeches*
- EDMUND BURKE—continued  
*Reflections on the Revolution in France*, 1790  
*Letter to a Noble Lord*, 1796  
*Letters on a Regicidal Peace*, 1796
- WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)  
*Moral Satires*, 1781  
*The Task*, 1785  
*Translation of Homer*
- EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794)  
*Decline and Fall*, 1776-87  
*Autobiography*
- ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)  
*Poems*
- WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)  
*Descriptive Sketches*, 1793  
*Lyrical Ballads*, 1798  
*The Prelude*, 1805  
*Excursion*, 1814
- SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)  
*Border Minstrelsy*, 1802  
*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 1805  
*Marmion*, 1808  
*Lady of the Lake*, 1810  
*Waverley*, 1814
- SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)  
*Poems*, 1796  
*Ancient Mariner*, 1798  
*Remorse*  
*Biographia Literaria*, 1817
- ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843)  
*Poems*, 1794  
*Joan of Arc*, 1796  
*Thalaba*, 1801  
*Metrical Tales*, 1805  
*Curse of Kichama*, 1810  
*Life of Nelson*, 1813
- CHARLES LAMB (1775-1835)  
*Essays of Elia*, 1823
- TOM MOORE (1779-1852)  
*Lalla Rookh*, 1817  
*Life of Byron*, 1830
- LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)  
*Autobiography*
- LORD BYRON (1788-1824)  
*Hours of Idleness*, 1807  
*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, 1809

LORD BYRON—continued

*Childe Harold*, 1812-18  
*Giaour, Lara, etc.*  
*Manfred*, 1816  
*Don Juan*, 1821-23

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

*Queen Mab*, 1813  
*Alastor*, 1815  
*Revolt of Islam*, 1817  
*Cenci*, 1819  
*Prometheus Unbound*, 1819  
*Adonais*, 1821

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

*Endymion*, 1818  
*Hyperion*, 1820

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1831)

*Life of Schiller*, 1825  
*Critical Essays*, 1827-44  
*Sartor Resartus*, 1833-34  
*French Revolution*, 1837  
*Lectures on Heroes*, 1840  
*Past and Present*, 1843  
*Cromwell*, 1845  
*Life of Sterling*, 1850  
*Friedrich II.*, 1864

T. B. MACAULAY (1800-1859)

*Essays*, 1825-44  
*History of England*, 1845-53

J. H. NEWMAN (1801)

*Sermons*  
*Apologia*, 1864

J. S. MILL (1806-1873)

*Logic*, 1843  
*Political Economy*, 1848

CHARLES DARWIN (1809-1882)

*Journal of Researches*, 1839  
*Origin of Species*, 1859  
*Descent of Man*, 1871

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809)

*Poems*, 1830  
*The Princess*, 1847

ALFRED TENNYSON—continued

*In Memoriam*, 1850  
*Maud*, 1855  
*Idylls of the King*, 1859  
*Enoch Arden*, 1864

W. M. THACKERAY (1811-1863)

*Vanity Fair*, 1846  
*Pendennis*, 1850  
*Esmond*, 1852  
*The Newcomes*, 1854

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

*Sketches by Boz*, 1836  
*Pickwick*, 1836  
*Oliver Twist*, 1836  
*David Copperfield*, 1849

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

*Pauline*, 1833  
*Paracelsus*, 1835  
*Strafford*, 1836  
*Sordello*, 1840  
*Pippa Passes*, 1841  
*Men and Women*, 1855  
*The Ring and the Book*, 1868-69  
*Fifine at the Fair*, 1872

JOHN RUSKIN (1819)

*Modern Painters*, 1843-60  
*Seven Lamps of Architecture*, 1848  
*Stones of Venice*, 1851-53  
*Unto This Last*, 1860  
*Crown of Wild Olive*, 1866  
*Fors Clavigera*, 1871  
*Præterita*, 1885-89

GEORGE ELIOT (1820-1880)

*Adam Bede*, 1859  
*Mill on the Floss*, 1860  
*Romola*, 1863  
*Daniel Deronda*, 1876

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

*Poems*, 1849-52  
*Essays in Criticism*, 1865  
*Culture and Anarchy*, 1869  
*Literature and Dogma*

## AMERICAN WRITERS

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)

*History of New York*, 1809*Sketch Book*, 1819*Life of Columbus*, 1826

W. H. PRESCOTT (1796-1859)

*Conquest of Mexico*, 1843*Philip II.*, 1855-58

W. C. BRYANT (1797-1878)

*Thanatopsis*, 1816

R. W. EMERSON (1803-1882)

*Nature*, 1836*Poems*, 1847*English Traits*, 1856

N. HAWTHORNE (1804-1864)

*The Scarlet Letter*, 1850*House of the Seven Gables**The Marble Faun*

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

*Hyperion*, 1839*Evangeline*, 1847*Hiawatha*, 1855

E. A. POE (1809-1849)

*Poems**Tales*

J. L. MOTLEY (1814-1877)

*Rise of the Dutch Republic*

J. R. LOWELL (1819)

*Biglow Papers*, 1848